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Vol. 7 No. 5 30p

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LOTUS WITH A GLADSOME MIND: P 52

PETITE FLEUR: P 19

BELLE BELINDA: P 36

# MAYFAIR

INCORPORATING King

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VOLUME 7 NUMBER 5 ABC net paid circulation 183,614

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CATCH ME
WHILE I'M STILL
WARM

I'm Stephanie. You missed me in Vol. 4 No. 8. Now I'm part of a bargain offer. Those Mayfair people are offering you five back issues for just £1.50p – and that includes a bumper 100 page anniversary issue that normally costs 42p. You'll get Mayfair Vol. 4 Nos. 5, 8, 11 and 12 and Vol. 5 No. 2 – and that's a whole bundle of features, informers, cartoons and fiction. There are illustrations by Ronald Cobb, a feature on the construction of the St. Gotthard tunnel and a provoking article from William Burroughs. Also reels of film stills from those sexy movies, humour from our inimitable Edward Knox and a picture or two of Alison, Barbara, Sharon, Madeline, Caroline, Amber, Prudence, Sally, Nicola, Brigitte, Nell, Jenny, Coral, Jackie, Juliet, Laura, Jane and Connie – and me. There's lots, lots more of me in Mayfair's pages

**Back issues of Quest, our intimate personal survey:**

Vol. 3 No. 11 Sex at first meeting 45p; Vol. 4 Nos. 3 Petting one 38p; 5 Petting three 38p; 6 Petting four 38p; 7 Stockings 38p; 8 Breast fixation 38p; 11 Girls' erotic signals 38p; 12 Getting to know girls 50p; Vol. 5 Nos. 2 The erotic virgins 38p; 3 Girls with large breasts 38p; 4 Girls' bottoms 38p; 5 Girls' secret nudity 38p; 6 What girls think of permissive pictures 38p; 7 Which men girls prefer 38p; 8 Bedroom manners 38p; 9 Girls who give themselves 38p; 10 What really turns girls on 38p; 11 Men who have it made 38p; 12 Girls who surrender to strangers 50p; Vol. 6 Nos. 1 Girls at parties 38p; 2 Girls in offices 38p; 3 Girls in shops 38p; 4 Girls in hotels part one 38p; 5 Girls in hotels part two 38p; 6 Girls on holiday part one 38p; 7 Girls on holiday part two 38p; 8 Girls on holiday part three 38p; 9 Girls on holiday – camping 38p; 10 Women and sex toys part one 38p; 11 Sex toys part two 38p; 12 Sex toys part three 50p; Vol. 7 Nos. 1 Girls who take the lead 38p; 2 Girls who take the lead part two 38p; 3 Girls who take the lead part three 38p; 4 Girls behind walls 38p.

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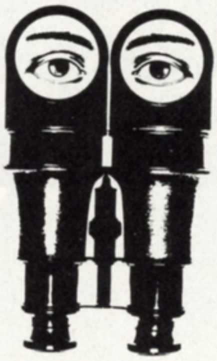
M75

# SCENE



Mayfair Magazine,
95A Chancery Lane,
London WC2A 1DZ

The perennial process of putting Mayfair together, the selection and the inspiration, bring us always back to one basic truth. It is that no two men react in the same way to one girl. That which one man finds sexy, another finds off-putting. Think how many men find Glenda Jackson the last word in sophisticated sex-appeal. An equal number find her as onturning as a Sunday School teacher. Think, too, of the charms of Diana Dors, easy to dismiss as a blonde of obvious curves, but to many men very close to a fantasy goddess. We find that frequently this predilection brings us back to two main sex symbol types which we have designated the big girl/little girl syndrome.

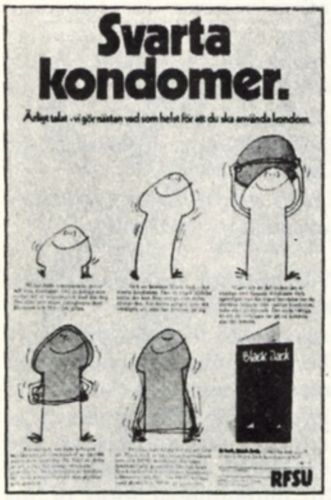
The little girl aspect is all that is contained in the sweet demure girl of touching innocence. You could find it in your heart to put a protective arm about her. You love her natural childlike movements and the way she wrinkles her nose before taking her knickers off.

At the other end of the sexual spectrum is the big girl. She is mother earth, the ancient goddess of fertility. She is ample in the right places, warm and enveloping, and your private heaven is to drown in her sensuality.

This month in Mayfair we have found perfect examples of both these girls. They have many of the attributes of the syndrome. So the rest is up to you. Look carefully and decide which type you go for. It could indicate whether you are a man who likes to protect or a man who likes to be protected. There could be deep significance. On the other hand there may be none. It may merely be that one of them reminds you of a secretary you once had but never made . . . One thing is quite certain. There'll be the usual crop of plausible men ringing us up this month saying that Fleur or Belinda (or both) are their long lost cousins, sisters, girlfriends, and would we kindly let them know the girls' present addresses so they can be re-united . . .

When we opened our first copy of the new *Cosmopolitan* magazine we were prepared for anything, good Boy Scouts that we are. What with all the pre-publicity on Hairy Parkinson

*British health ad – the sexiest picture in the new* Cosmopolitan*?*



*Swedish health ad – a sex funny*

and his sexual surgery and gushy Jilly Cooper and the men she'd like to make, it seemed we were in for an erotic banquet if not a forced feeding. In the event the words may have been sexy but the pictures certainly were not. Until we came to the advertisements. The most enjoyable bit for men, in our opinion was the jolly, sexy little birds in the Escalade beauty parlour. The advertisement was created by Saatchi & Satchi and the artist – a famous picture postcard portrayer – is Arnold Taylor. Perhaps *Cosmopolitan* ought to become really trendy and cast back to *The Times* of 1950 and put advertisements on the front cover.

Talking of advertisements we were amused (we were meant to be) by a comment in *Campaign* the paper that caters for the advertising industry. They drew attention to the contraceptive advertisement reproduced here (pardon the pun). Clearly fun has crept into the sex sell in Sweden. The interesting point is, that this advertisement, like good graffiti, is international. The campaign incidentally, comes from the state organised sex education association. It already has one success behind it – the boost of sales in coloured condoms. Pink and green are favourites and now they're pushing black ones.

Anyone for snooker?

In the interests of your summer holiday, we spent an afternoon recently wallowing in the bowels of a Thames barge, drinking champers and discussing the merits of holidays afloat with Hay Line Cruisers. If you fancy being the captain of your own ship this summer, then these people can help you out. You can hire a four berth cruiser for a week and pay £39 for the pleasure – off season. In mid-August you'll have to dig a bit deeper for £70 for the same seven days.

Take a six-berth boat out for a week, off season, and it'll cost £55, August £98. If it seems a lot, imagine cramming a couple of friends on board and three chicks – and some would say it's cheap at the price. We had a look round two of the boats and they looked fine – bags of neat storage space, glistening chrome work and all mod cons.

However, we'd say just one thing: pick your crewmates with care – a week can be a very long time if you've nowhere to hide!

You can contact the firm at 237 3076.

Regular readers know that we keep a careful ear tuned to the classic story – that allegedly true happening that pops up all over the world in a local guise. The girl who substituted her mother's birth control pills for aspirins is an example. This is the latest story credited to a British university.

The students had been told to bring an example of their urine and to analyse it. The early stages of analysis brought the inevitable giggles and chuckles in the co-ed laboratory.

The Professor was a tall spare, dry man with a reputation, for pedantic humourless dedication to his subject.

All at once a clear young feminine voice was heard saying: 'I don't know. Ask him. He'll know what to do; he always does.'

Heads turned to seek out the origin of that voice at the back of the room.

A pert, dainty, mini-skirted student came from the back carefully carrying at arm's length a very full test tube of doubtful looking liquid up to the professor. Blushing in evident confusion she said: 'Excuse me, sir, I know I've done something quite stupid but this is analysing out at 90 per cent gold.'

Without hesitation the Professor smiled and said: 'Pray carry right on over to the metallurgical department. You'll find a dozen young men there only too eager to sink a shaft in the area.'

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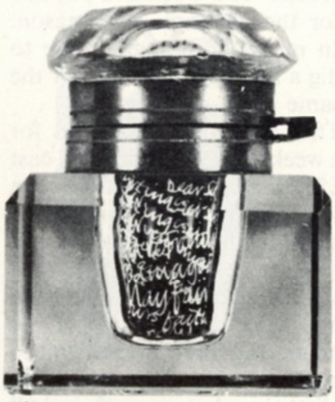
# LETTERS



*This is where we invite you to add to the controversy and the anecdote of Mayfair. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ*

You recently published letters suggesting women prefer men in the new coloured briefs and jockey shorts. Well, let me assure you there are just as many women who believe that the most masculine colour is, and always will be, white. I'm glad the majority of the best of the younger ones are sticking to white – it's the older ones who are chasing their youth who go for colour. Men who wear coloured briefs and jockey shorts do so to take the girls' attention off their physical shortcomings. How can any girl seriously suggest she can be stimulated by a male standing alongside her bed in purple or sky-blue jockey pants? Give me masculine white, it arouses me every time.

And furthermore, why can't we have pictures of young men in their white briefs, bound and gagged, helpless in front of their girls, ready to give them both pain and pleasure?

Your many women readers have continuously requested such pictures – why can't we have some fun too? Why must it always be women who are subjected? We know this doesn't happen in real life – many of your letters prove it.

*Constance Gordon, The Hilton, Denver, Colorado, U.S.A.*

After my first day in my new job, I was in the ladies with a new found friend when to my amazement she just slid out of her clothes completely, folded them up and put them in her bag. She then put on her mini-coat and with high boots to complete the outfit, left the office for home. This happened every night of the week and we spoke of it a great deal. She did it, she said, because of the rush-hour sweat box on the underground – or so she insisted.

*V.M., Ilford, Essex (full name and address withheld)*

I bought my first Mayfair last week.

As one of the lads who have been waiting patiently these many years for skirts to lengthen and the camiknick to return, I was shocked to find you giving editorial support to an untraditional form of the garment. What we are waiting for is the real McCoy and not a curious contraption with a button fastening underneath. The genuine camiknick as perhaps you are now realising is a one-piece garment like a short princess slip with the knicker department formed by a strap joining the slip fore and aft at the crotch. There is no elastic waist and the strap is fixed by at least two buttons. In some designs the fixing was by hooks and eyes although these were less practical to manage in the dark. The great joy about the camiknick was that it could be left 'in situ' if time pressed. To those who are now being irked by pantie slipping and tight-rolling, the simplicity of the camiknick will be a revelation. The veriest tyro can deal with the camiknick! May I make a suggestion? Why not have a photo series of a bird in and out of camiknicks?

*F.B., Epsom, Surrey (full name and address withheld).*

Your recent Quest series brought back memories of my days as a paper boy during which time I met two women who took the lead and abducted me. I was fifteen at the time – one woman was about 40 and the other a 19-year-old University student at home for the holidays. The first encounter with the older woman was the more exciting and left a lasting impression.

It started one day when the woman was collecting her milk from the doorstep as I was delivering her paper. As she reached out to take the paper her dressing gown opened to reveal almost the whole of her left breast. I could feel my face going red but she did nothing to remedy the situation and

*turn to page 82*

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# HAMS

A new John Fergus Ryan story

## Beneath the twittering birds and the squirrels one morning, Beasley got chopped up

It was early of a blue summer morning and over on the Gulf, the charter fishing boats had not yet put Out.

Ah, the cleanness, the innocence of things, as the Sun came up over the Florida pines and the birds, the great obvious birds, awakened and commenced to circle.

And above the rattle of the birds, the fragrance of the frangapani, came the sound of a short, fat woman, with hair on her legs, frying squirrel for her husband's breakfast.

Venus Beasley turned the pieces of squirrel

*turn to page 27*

ILLUSTRATION BY ROYSTON EDWARDS

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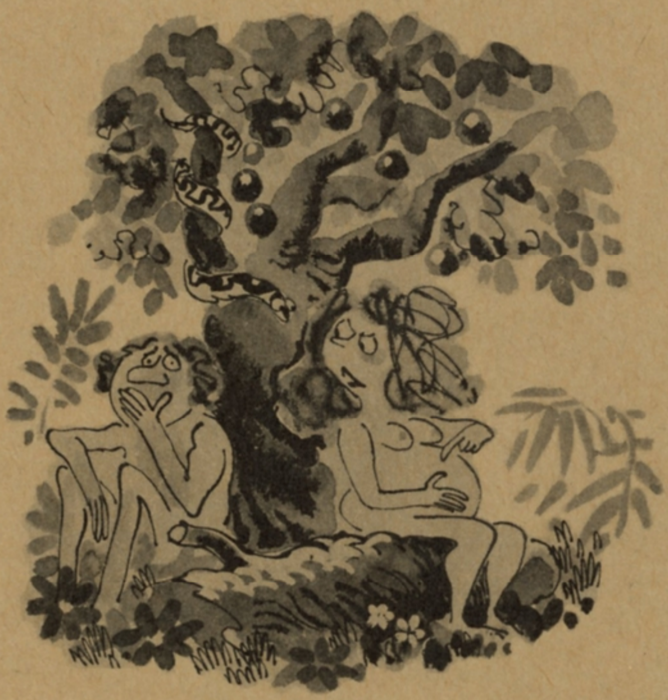
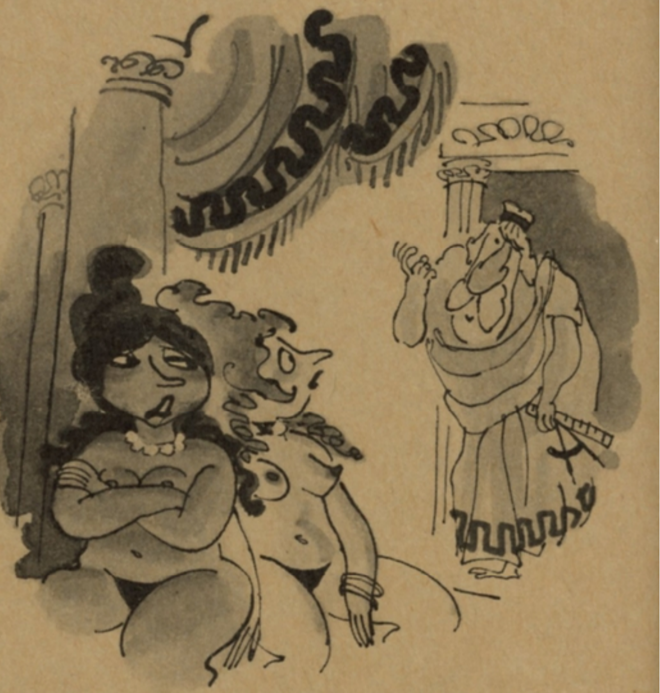
# EUR-EEK-A!

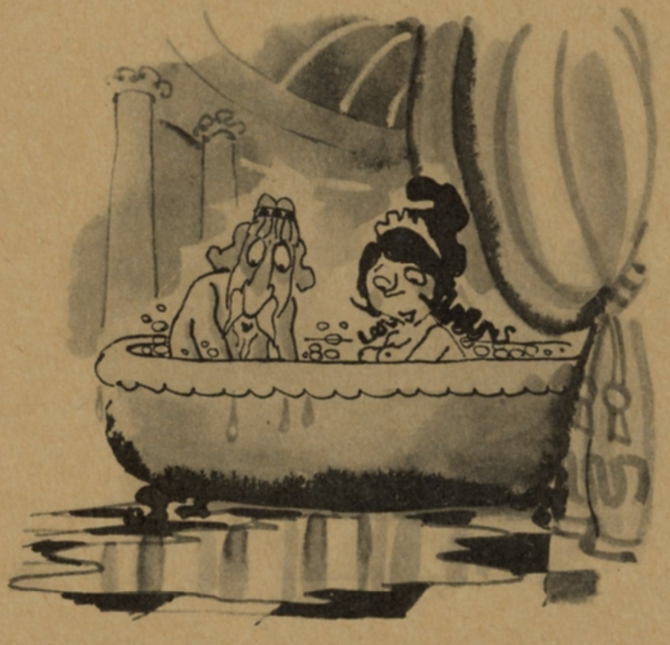
Roy Raymonde observes that behind every great discovery is a woman, and that she really loves it when the great man finds it



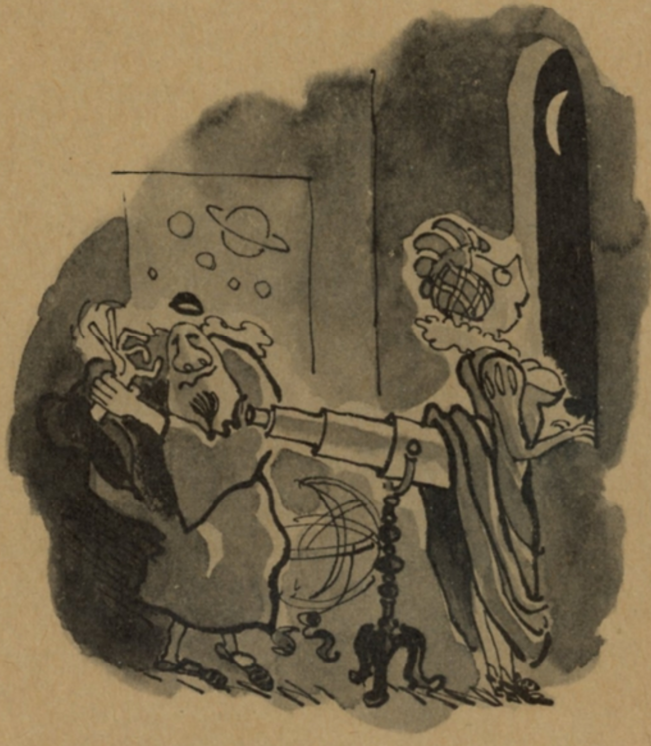
*'All right, clever Dick – if it's not the apples that are fattening – what is it?'*



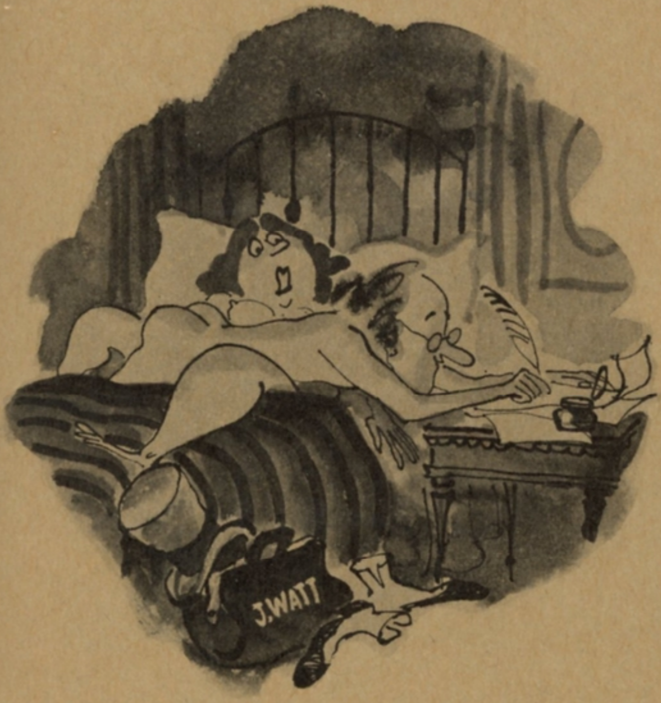
*'I think old Euclid is past it – all he wants to do nowadays is measure your isosceles triangle'*



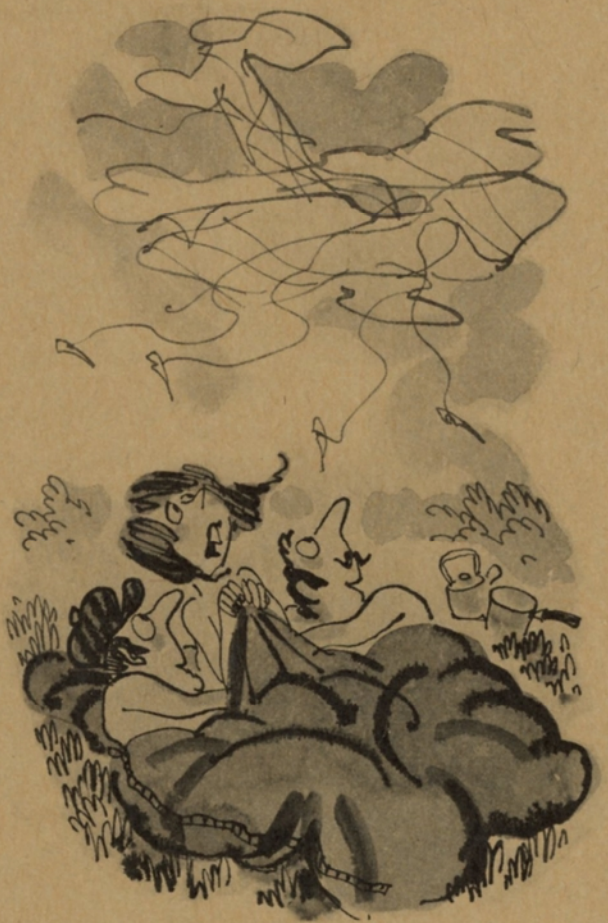
*'It certainly is a new one, Archimedes, but if it's going to empty the bath every time . . .'*



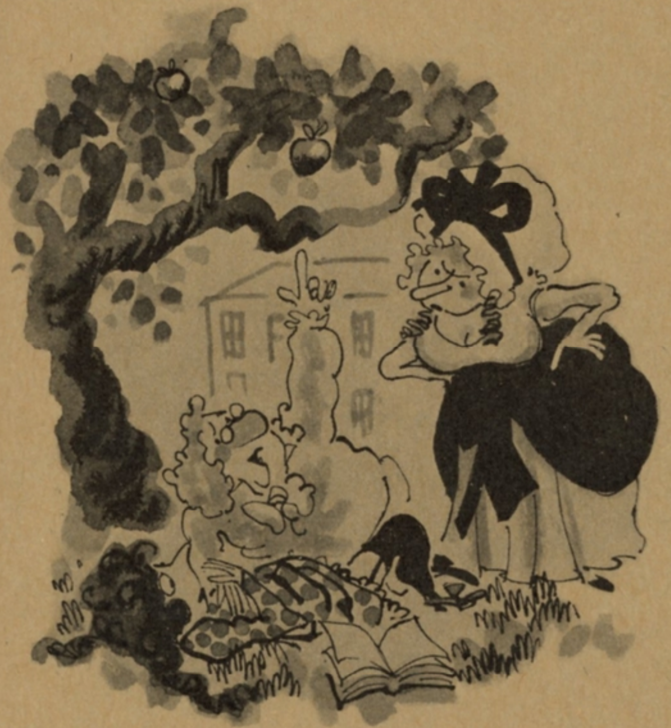
*'Tell me, Galileo – is it true you have an instrument which brings heavenly bodies close enough to grasp in your hand?'*



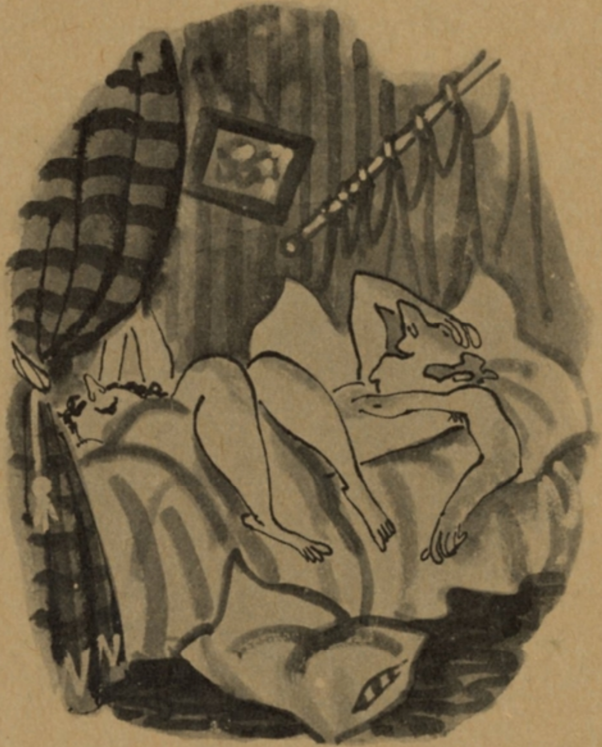
*'For pity's sake, James – must you stop to make notes every time your glasses steam up?'*



*'Heavens, Orville! Can't you and Wilbur design a tent that doesn't keep blowing away?'*



*'My dear Mrs Newton, Ma'am – I was merely extending an interesting proposition that what goes up must come down!'*



*'I shall name it after you, my love – Rotating Jenny!'*

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M75

# BOOKS

Arthur Pottersman

Precisely how you spell the boards that actors tread depends on whether you think they're playing – or laying. Quite candidly, Douglas Hayes gives as much inside dope on a young actor's bawds as on his thespian skills in his new novel **A Player's Hide** (Macmillan, £2·25).

Take Roz, the wardrobe mistress – as, indeed, he did. There she was, backstage, turning out her props basket, a short and plump natural faded blonde, leaning well over with her hands and arms deep down among the props. Quipped our actor-hero: 'Winter drawers on.' And then, before Roz could straighten and turn, he had her:-

'I held her as she was, dragged her drawers off, pushed her head down, set her legs apart and sent Sir John in by the servants' entrance. The basket was one of the big old skips with an oilskin flap sewn under the top and with broad runners shod with iron. Roz supported herself with her palms on the rim of the basket.

Soon there were sounds . . . the basket creaking, our breathing heavy. Roz seemed to hang on the final thrust.'

Then she said, 'I hope you know that noise was due to the position I was in. If you've put me up the spout, I'll send the bills to your agent.' And when he offered her a coffee, 'No thanks, Buster, you needn't pretend it meant anything. Let's say it was a pro matinée and you got it in your card.'

Buster (for what else can one call our hero after that?) had a great range of lovely theatrical experiences – from the tattiest of seaside shows to megalomaniac actor-managers and calculatedly pseudo-innocent young actresses.

Young Frances White was one of the latter, eighteen, fair as the heart of a split ash billet, her eyes the violet blue of the bands on a mallard's wing. Said Buster in the green room (actors' theatrical 'rest room'): 'There ought to be a law against her.' Meanwhile, he held several other things against her.

He stroked behind her ears, which she murmured was unfair.

Then he slipped his hands inside her brassière, and she whispered she didn't know he was like that. Buster whispered back that he had been like it for years . . .

A little later, though, author Hayes dishes the dirt on one aspect of theatrical business. For our Miss White's aspiring agents put up the production money for a showcase play for their protegée, and then ensured that major London critics and film studio talent scouts came to the 'secret' provincial debut . . . See you on the screen, said Buster, as another lady-love left his life.

Actors do get about a bit, so not surprisingly theatrical landladies loom a bit larger than life on the amorous horizon. There was Staffordshire Nell, seldom out of carpet slippers or metal hair curlers, who used to slap her male lodgers with the fish slice when one – two – three in a row of them passed her in single file each putting a hand up her skirt as she stood at the stove.

In a Lancashire seaside resort, he encountered Mrs Chagg – Sarah, to her friends.

Sarah was a sexy caution, 58 by the sound of her, blowzy and randy with it. If a young man spurned her unwelcome advances she would say, 'I'm insulted, in case he thinks I'm past it.'

'Here I am,' she'd challenge, wearing these lacy sports knickers 'I got in Liverpool for your pleasure, look. I know what you're going to say, darlin – sports don't wear knickers.'

As for Mr Chagg – 'He hasn't had it up me since VE day.'

But our Buster couldn't evade her for ever – not when she knew how many of her other lady lodgers he'd picked and poked:

'Sarah Chagg pursued me to the lounge, where in dressing gown and leather slippers, I was reading her *News of the World.* Peat to be burnt was stacked beside the hearth. The heat of burning peat was dull red. Sarah Chagg lay on me, saying: give me what I want, you tantalising sod. Her body smelled strong. I turned her head away, to break the coarse tobacco-laden breath.

'Don't worry about him, darlin (misunderstanding, and thinking it was the nearby Mr Chagg that Buster was concerned about) he won't even look round from them roses he's pruning . . . Ooh, now I know why you don't wear pyjamas.

'Sarah Chagg held the end she had in view. Mr Chagg's back was to the french windows. Sarah Chagg breathed hard, hitching up her clouts. Sports, she had said, didn't wear knickers. Her set stare was cloudy . . . She seemed to be hypnotised, her awareness deadened except at the pit of sensation, her centre of being.'

Buster had his romantic idylls, too.

Eve was the real heroine of his most serious one. Young and lovely, a debby sort of actress, from a prosperous-sounding very English family . . . Eve was highly prone to baby talk, even when prone to other things:

'Owl didn't hurt Pussy very much. Nex time willee go allaway in?'

And so it all goes on. In an optimistic period, Buster even agreed to sleep with her wearing stage pyjamas – they keep the flap sewn up – to ensure what is conventionally known as 'being good' . . .

But it was his mature relationships with actresses of more robust commonsensible temperaments that seemed to mean most to our Buster. Like Joy, who used to come to breakfast sleepily alluring in wrap and pyjamas. Their first happy night together Joy had entered the loo to find Buster playing the Brussels Boy.

'She said: sorry, pet. I said it didn't matter and I shook the spout and pulled the chain. Joy came to me and kissed me and held the spout . . . '

And actresses are the same as other women, too, prone to mean 'Yes – oh yes,' though they actually utter 'No.' Barbara sounds one of the best of them.

'She was so charming, long-legged in nylon sheaths, high-breasted, wringing her clumsy red hands, her face painted hot pink, that I drew her from her chair and took her to her bed and put her down on it.

'How bloody well dare you. I didn't ask you to tea for this.

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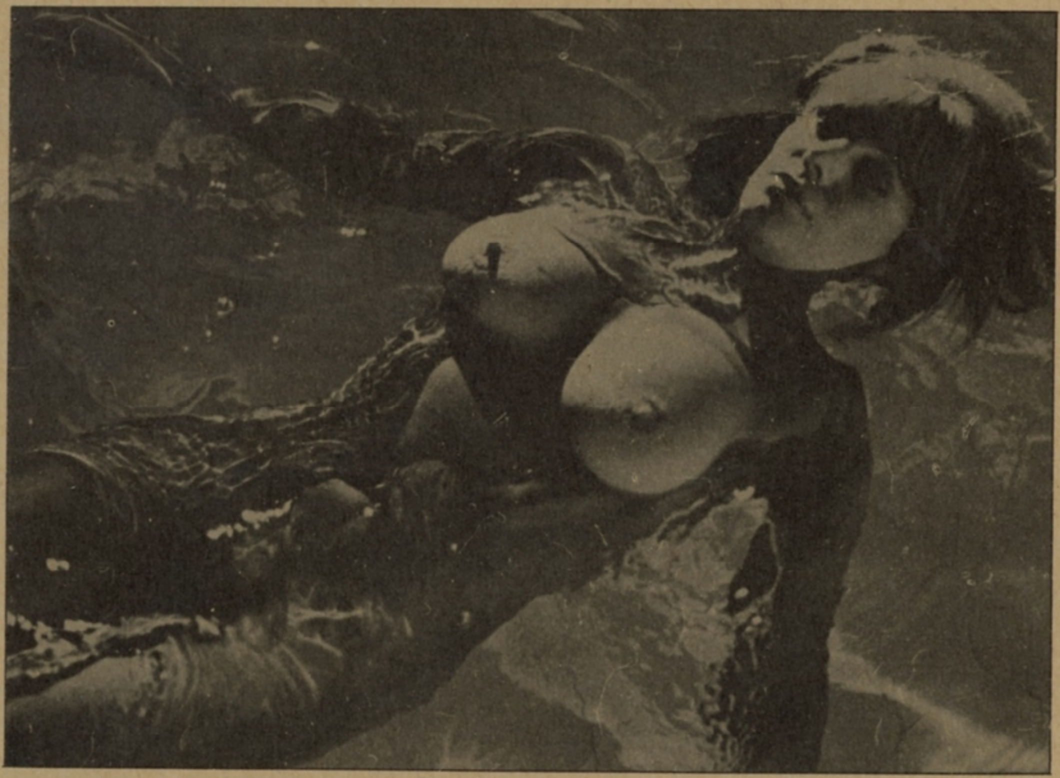
*'We want you to be first to try it, J.B. We think we've come up with a little antidote for the competitive urge and power-lust of modern civilised man'*

Let me up. You've made me angry. I want you to go. Buster. 'She looked flushed and confused when she brought me my prop cigarettes in the evening. I said: when are you going to ask me to tea again, darling? Oh, you bastard, Barbara said. I said: well, when? Barbara sighed and said: I knew, when you spoke to me . . . 'After tea on Sunday, she said. Wait, I'd better take the tray down. She came back and leaned against the door to shut it. I kissed her and pulled her dress over her head. She took off her shoes, underclothes, stockings and suspender belt while I undressed, and she waited, with shoulders rounded and knees and arms bent, saying: oh, hurry, hurry. I lay with her.

' – Not already?

' – Even before you were in me. It nearly happened while I was waiting. Oh, Buster . . . '

Then another day, when she started to cry at the truth of their love, she also clung to him and put a hand in his open trousers. That's love, among the actors.



*Pooling power: Janette Wilde as she appears in the film Sacrifice, recently premiered in London*

# FILMS

David Quinlan

There's something of all of us in Georgie. Not Best, but Soloway, played by Dustin Hoffman in **Who is Harry Kellerman and Why is He Saying Those Terrible Things About Me?** (AA). Georgie's a rock music composer. And he's 40 years old. He sees things – like his psychiatrist as a taxi driver clocking up the money. Or his secretary splendidly naked, with her notebook where her panties should be if she had any.

'What do you want for Christmas?' someone asks Georgie. The reply: 'I wanna new life.'

Reality becomes a nightmare for Georgie, who just wants to settle down or get out completely. Sometimes he does get out, in his glider plane, far above the city. But there's this Harry Kellerman, ringing up all Georgie's acquaintances and beddable birds, and telling them vicious lies. Or is it the vicious truth? Georgie knows. And the key to his weird, Kafkaesque other world isn't really all that hard to find. The point is that director Ulu Grosbard has made an enjoyable and absorbing film out of a difficult subject. The photography is beautiful and the performances of Dustin Hoffman and Barbara Harris (as a girl he auditions, beds, and can't shake from his mind) meticulous and magnetic.

'You have kind eyes,' she tells him. 'But you're an escape artist. If I tell you I love you, you'll leave my bed like a rocket. As it is, you'll leave tomorrow. But the feeling won't. And I thank you for it.' Beautiful dialogue, given the acting it deserves.

Hoffman also sings an entrancing ballad about a tramp, in plaintive tones that could make it another *Wandrin' Star;* and no-one could imagine anyone being better in the part of Georgie. Is it the man or the material he chooses? The answer, I guess, has to be a bit of both.

A look at the synopsis of this one might forebode a boring evening. But the star and the treatment ensure it's anything but. The film's like a person that's difficult to get to know: but the effort is very rewarding – and likely to set you talking about *Harry Kellerman* into the wee small hours.

**The Cowboys** (AA) is an unusual John Wayne western, and a good one. Big John plays a 60-year-old cattleman whose trailherd hands all run out on him when a local gold-strike occurs. After rejecting the services of three ex-convicts, Wayne turns in desperation to the local schoolhouse, where he recruits ten of the 12-15 year-old boys to take his herd of cattle through 400 miles of *True Grit* country to the railhead.

It's an epic trip which makes men out of the cow boys. They encounter death, demon drink and a travelling whorehouse. And naturally, the ex-cons show up with a gang in tow, and try to take the cattle away. Although he misses the grandeur of a Hawks western like *Red River*, director Mark Rydell, who made *The Reivers,* has created another fluid, entertaining film, with all the traditional elements of the western, plus a few more tricks of his own.

The dialogue varies from ancient to too-modern ('You're a man that makes it happen' or 'Money's the only thing that cuts it with me'). But Bruce Dern's excellent sneering villain, the individual personalities of the boys, and another game, gutsy performance from Big John carry it through. I wager there won't be a dry eye in the house at the end.

Actor Jack Lemmon turns director with **Kotch** (AA). Kotch, played by Walter Matthau, is the archetypal interfering grandparent, who is threatened with an old folks' home before taking the hint and packing his bags for a tour of America.

En route, he meets up with his grandchild's ex-baby sitter, dismissed for copulating on the family settee, and now pregnant and alone. A fond friendship springs up between the two.

Lemmon makes a pleasant, appealing film out of basically unappealing material by seldom overplaying the sentiment, packing his plot with little, well-written incidents, and taking great pains with the editing. Writer John Paxton helps by endowing the old man with an acid wit as well as his less endearing qualities.

**The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight** (AA) is a comedy based on the coyote-Road Runner syndrome. One Brooklyn gang tries to wipe out another. But it's a bungle from beginning to end. Writer Waldo Salt has a few bright ideas, but shouldn't have tried to spin them out to 95 minutes. After some initial laughs, the film slows down like a machine-gun hearse going past a victim, and runs all too soon out of fun. The rest of its humour remains predictable to the very end.

Next Month in Mayfair

## SCHOOLGIRLS TODAY

### What are they up to?

Something sexy is going on in Britain's schools. Girls are maturing younger than ever while more and more girls stay on longer than before. The result? Schoolgirl seductresses, steamy, sexy and anxious to learn. In Mayfair next month we tell you some surprising stories.

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# NIGHTLIFE

Kenneth Dowd

A nightclub has to be all things to all men. But for all of us when fun is done there comes one great big sobering thought – namely, was it worth the money you paid?

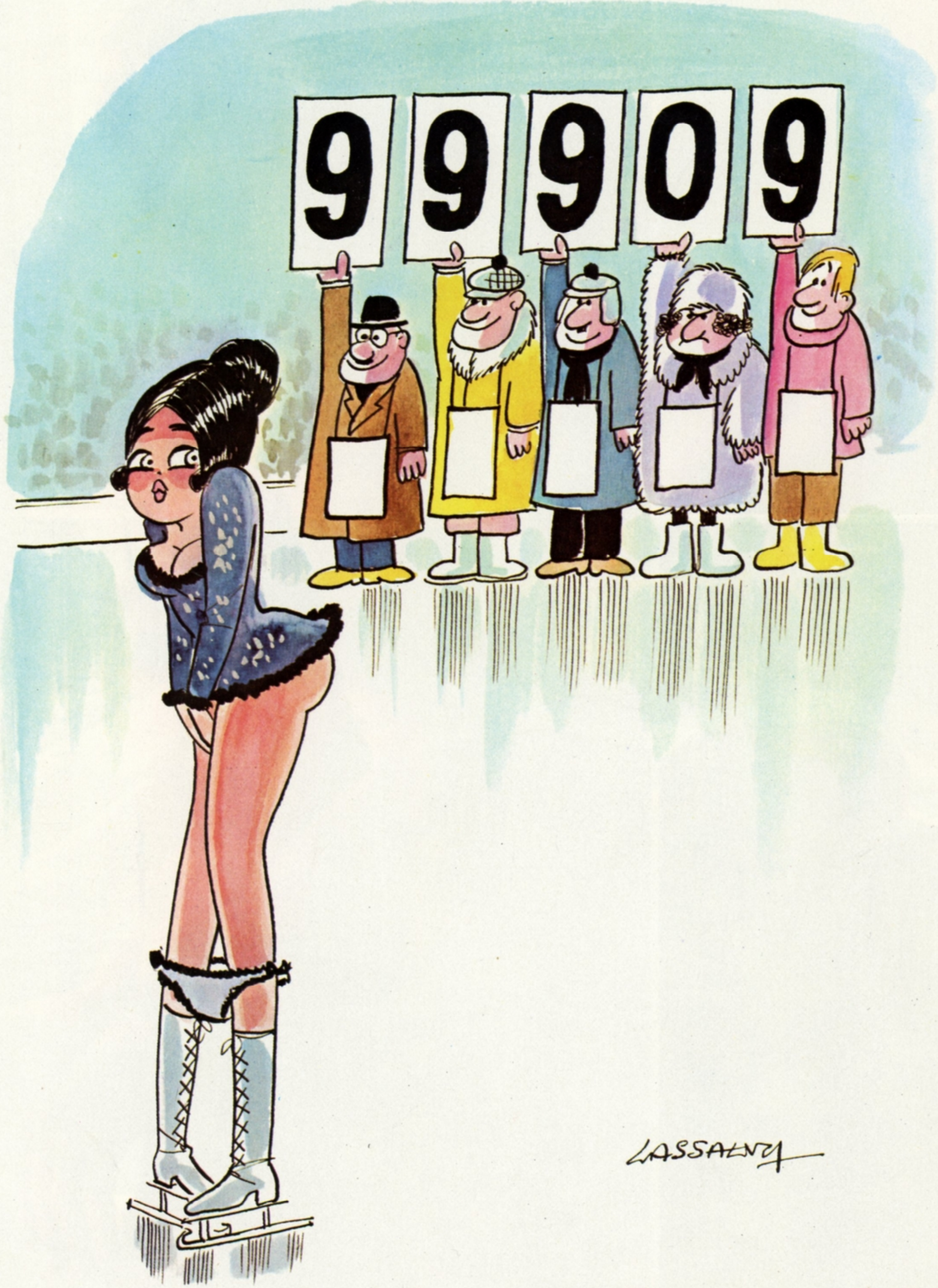
The party's over: the piper must be paid. The words of a cabaret artist linger in the background – 'Is this my bill? It is really much too much. I am sure that even Hutch would never pay for it. This cover charge is much too large, let's all stand and say grace: I have just bought this bloody place . . .' You are looking at the figure illuminated in the waiter's torch at the bottom of the bill, and you begin to think the artist is right – or do you? We all tend to forget that nightclubs are usually situated in the most expensive streets in the Town – that they usually pay large rents and enormous rates – that they have to employ a staff of forty or fifty people, who are prepared to work late at night (or early in the morning) and remain cheerful and polite. Two bands have to be employed and cabaret artists require substantial remuneration. Champagne is £2 a bottle to the nightclub owner, before he puts on his overheads, and before he puts on his profit. Fillet steaks are expensive, and so are luxury foods. Advertising and promotional expenses are high. Even the use of a credit card takes 5% away from the bill. People bounce cheques. It is inevitable that prices must be high, you will agree.

I have been talking this week with Andrew Meadows, who runs **Churchills Nightclub.** It is possible to go to Churchills and get a large bill, especially if you drink like it is going out of fashion, and insist on buying the band champagne as well. Or treat all the hostesses. And buy Vella a drink. And Harry. And Andrew.

But it is quite possible to do Churchills the economical way – just you and your wife, arriving at 10.30 pm to see the 11 pm show, and dining off the basic menu which is quite adequate at about £3 a head, and sharing a bottle of wine which will be around £2 for the pair of you. You then stay on to dance to the two bands, and see another cabaret at 1am for another hour, and leave at 2.15 am with a bill only a couple of pounds more than you would pay at any normal high class restaurant, without the benefit of bands and cabaret. In fact, Churchills would be quite entitled to look at you and your wife with grave dissatisfaction because they will never cover the overheads the evening that one hundred couples arrive.

Luckily for Churchills, it does not work out that way, and there is always someone, somewhere, who is celebrating something and intends to drink two bottles of champagne himself, and see that everybody else does the same. And, do not let us be prudes, there are one or two very attractive young ladies who can join your party if you five chaps do not like dancing together – and they, of course, make a much more convivial evening for you, and commensurately increase the compt to your disadvantage, and to the advantage of the couple who are sitting there enjoying a most economical evening through your kind subsidy.

The show is always elaborate, with at least fifteen girls and several acts interspaced between the dance routines, and the current show is more extravagant than any other production which they have presented at Churchills. One of England's leading choreographers, Billy Petch, who is even asked to produce shows in Las Vegas for the Americans has again done his job well. Value for money is the key to Churchills. Exaggerated accounts are often told of enormous bills, to boost the personal ego. True, large bills can be run up if your party runs fast and furious, but if moderation is observed, you need not get burnt, nor even singed. In fact, £10 for two to see two one-hour cabarets and dinner and wine and dancing to two bands cannot be bad, in one of the world's top clubs.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LASSALVY

# HAMS

*continued from page 8*

as they sizzled in the deep cast iron skillet of popping lard.

They had to be Done. When Beasley cracked the skulls on the sharp corner of the table and scooped out the brains, he wanted them cooked Through.

Breakfast to Venus Beasley meant mounds of squirrel bones and heads, with little fried tongues and sharp, broken-off rat teeth grinning at her.

Used to be, he would not Touch squirrel. 'They's jus' bush-tail rats!'

He would not allow it on the Table before he went to the Pen.

Beasley had done Time.

Once, years back, some men from town, bad men, gamblers, whore-mongers, mockers, had come out to the Place and offered Beasley eight dollars if he would take a heavy gauge shotgun and kill a man named Cody Morton, who ran Jump a'Grab Truck and who had Crossed them.

'Eight dollars ain't much' said Beasley.

'It's our Tops!' said one of the men.

Beasley pondered a moment.

'Who buy th' shaills?' he asked.

He did it the next day. He stood on Coil Street, between Dollar Discount and the Jitney-Jungle and fired two times as Cody Morton came out of the Court House, then made a get-away in a '52 Powder Blue pick-up.

Everyone knew he had done it. Sheriff Lacey Bakemoon came Out and accused Beasley of killing for money, to wit: eight dollars and other considerations.

'If you know so much, prove it on me' said Beasley in his high-pitched whine. 'Prove it on me, then.'

Beasley was sentenced to five years. Three years later, he came home on parole, got hold of some wild land, started running a few tree dogs and got Foolish about squirrel.

This morning, he was taking a load of watermelons, BREAK-O-DAY PINKS, into town, to Jack's Hot Spot Produce Number 2.

His truck, a 3100 Chevy pick-up, which he bought second hand, was waiting, gassed and greased. He was paying Notes on it.

It was cool outside, and even in the kitchen it was not Bad but Venus was sweating as she fixed breakfast. It seemed like she Might take fire.

Beasley was going into town but he was not taking her. She had not been off the Place in eighteen months. They never talked about it. It was understood: Venus stayed home.

She turned up the heat under the squirrels. This was no time for the butane tank to go Out. Beasley would have a fit. She checked the scratch biscuits in the oven, turned down the coffee and let it perk, then got the flour and Sweet milk ready to make thickening gravy after she took the squirrels out of the skillet.

Venus Beasley was forty-six, forty-seven, come Thanksgiving. Her short, curly hair was showing grey, all of her lower front teeth were gone and she was getting fatter every year.

Hardly anything she had to wear Fit.

Around the Place, she wore Beasley's old blue jeans and a pair of black canvas, rubber-soled sneakers which were ragged and no use at all when she stepped on a snake. Where the Beasleys lived, the snakes were Thick.

For new clothes, Venus depended on what Beasley might take a notion to bring her back from Dollar Discount.

She saw him, through the open window, coming out of the woods.

He squatted by the truck and tried to prise a rock out of the tread on the right front tire. He was not going to ask her to Go.

She knew why. He had a girl in town. That was what they said, the people at the church down the road. A girl, and he drank beer all night at Lucky's and ate fish dinners at the Coffee Cup.

'Venus! Hurry up in there with them squirrels! You heah me!'

He peeled the backing off a bumper strip and smoothed it on. FIGHT FIRE ANTS.

'Venus! You heah me!'

Venus grabbed the skillet with her bare hand and threw the hot grease and squirrel meat against the wall of the kitchen, then she ran outside to where Beasley was squatting, snatched the axe from the woodpile, closed her eyes tight and swung hard at his neck. When it connected, it caused shock waves in her body.

The wind brought a sweet-sour whiff of rotting melon rinds from the dump and she thought she was going to be Sick.

She turned her head without looking at Beasley and ran back into the house and locked the door behind her.

First, she picked up the squirrel pieces and put them back in the skillet, spooned out fresh lard from the black and white striped paper carton, and started to re-heat them. Then she set the table for breakfast.

Maybe it had not happened. Maybe he was not hurt.

'Beasley' she called sweetly, through the window. 'Your squirrels is fried.'

Venus sat down, picked up a biscuit, put margarine on it, spread it with VALUE apple-grape jelly, then set it back on the plate, went into the front of the house and strung another Get-Acquainted Macaroni Bracelet from her kit. She went back to the kitchen and looked out the window.

The morning breeze from the Gulf was just reaching them and the leaves on the trees were Fluttering. It was a Glorious morning. Beasley was lying there, Still.

It was not something she wanted to do, but she went out to Look.

The axe had nearly cut off his head. He must have Just sharpened it.

Beasley being dead meant that she could do what she Pleased, and what she Pleased was to take the truck and the watermelons into town herself, collect for them and buy herself some Things. Joyous, joyous Freedom and her heart went Up.

Before she could leave, she would have to do Something about Beasley and that meant calling Tollard.

Tollard was Strange. He lived alone in a shack, way, deep, in the woods. He was tall and skinny and had a long crooked neck that made him look like a buzzard. No one knew how old he was, but they would guess Youngish. He had a dirty face with a little stubble of beard and did not really seem to have eyes, although he wore steel rimmed glasses which the Welfare Department got for him.

He was terrified of rain and always wore an old army raincoat and a black rubber

*turn to page 76*

Mike Williams

*'Like my old dad used to say, Sir, you won't go far wrong if you remember Louis Quinze clocks is A/C and Louis Seize D/C.'*

# In 1940 this picture would have been treason. It was too true for comfort.

The turreted Defiant was hailed as a wonder plane in 1940. But in its first disastrous dog-fight six of the nine aircraft were humiliatingly shot down

The Boulton Paul Defiant was to be the bomber destroyer. The hawk among the pigeons. It was to be Britain's answer to anything in the air – or so they said in the balmy days of 1933.

Seven years later the wonder plane had been punched out of the daylight sky and the Air Ministry swallowed the unpalatable fact that the Defiant wasn't in a position to defy anything. It wasn't invincible and as more than a stable-flight gun platform it was a failure.

Seventy airmen went to their graves proving the Defiant concept was wrong. It was an anachronism, a lethal product of out-dated thinking – an aircraft, in short, that had no place in the swirling, vicious dog-fights that raged above England in that beautiful summer of 1940.

It began innocuously. Air Ministry specication F.g/35 called for a replacement two-seat fighter with main armament in a power-operated turret. The aircraft, that specification added, was to be as manoeuvrable as any modern single-seater. It didn't say how, but designers were expected to overcome such problems as increased weight and drag from the turret amidships. Boulton Paul Aircraft won the government contract and design work on the prototype started in 1933. Four years later, on August 11, the first Defiant tugged its wheels off the runway and flew. Trials were successful and the first production order followed immediately.

At first glance the aircraft looked like a Hawker Hurricane, standing there squat on the tarmac with the Hurries' characteristic snout and sharply-angled perspex canopy. But the wings were shorter and stubbier, the tail was sharper and the gun-turret completely destroyed the comparison.

That first Defiant stood a little over

*turn to page 32*

# Darling, you've gone all

## Once your lissome filly has filled out, just how erotic is that good old

'Cyn, you're revolting.'

'Don't *say* that, Michael.'

'Well, you are. God gave you a perfectly good body and all you can do is abuse it.'

'You make it sound as though I'm a self-flagellant junkie, or something. Christ – I'm only eating an eclair.'

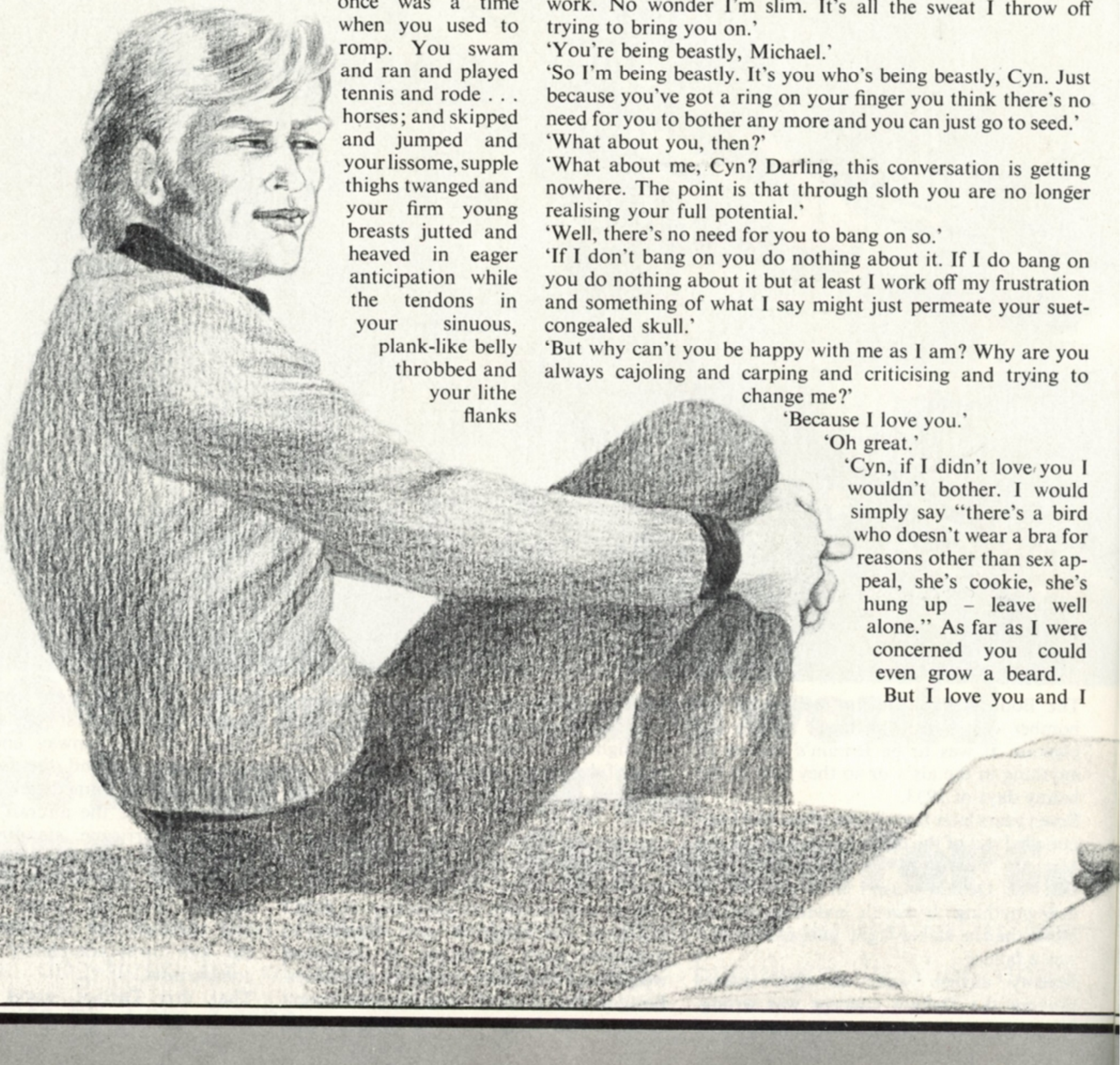
'Today an eclair, Cyn. Tomorrow a face full of plastic bread, twelve cups of coffee, twenty-four cigarettes, ten fingernails, crisps, four cup cakes and egg and chips for dinner. You're a gannet, Cyn.'

'Michael, I don't think you're being very nice.'

'Cyn, I couldn't give two whatsits if I'm being nice or not. I paid seven and sixpence for you and however ropey a deal it's turned out to be, at the time you were by way of being some sort of an investment. We were to love and cherish each other in sickness and in health and you were to produce children. All you've managed so far is rude smells in the bath from your luncheon vouchers.'

*'Michael.'*

'It's right, Doll. You're a teenager no longer. There once was a time when you used to romp. You swam and ran and played tennis and rode . . . horses; and skipped and jumped and your lissome, supple thighs twanged and your firm young breasts jutted and heaved in eager anticipation while the tendons in your sinuous, plank-like belly throbbed and your lithe flanks quivered and *Pworr* . . . you were the most delectable filly on two pins.'



'Mmmmm. Lovely. And now?'

'It's all gone *Thlopp*.'

'Boo hoo hoo: it's not fair.'

'You've only yourself to blame, Cyn. Sweets and puddings and all the other garbage you lob down the chute are scarcely conducive to the formation of undulating curves, are they?'

'But can't I have any enjoyment in life?'

'Of course you can, stupid. You used to enjoy lovemaking.'

'I still do.'

'You might, but I don't.'

'Oh, you lying bastard. You do too.'

'I'm sorry, Doll, but I don't.'

'You could have fooled me.'

'That's traditionally the woman's role. But seriously, Cyn, you flake across me with your backside winking at the ceiling and expect me to work up a froth for you. By Christ, I do, too. It's like trying to dislodge a Sumo wrestler. If I gave you a slap I'm sure you'd ripple for days and neither of us need do any work. No wonder I'm slim. It's all the sweat I throw off trying to bring you on.'

'You're being beastly, Michael.'

'So I'm being beastly. It's you who's being beastly, Cyn. Just because you've got a ring on your finger you think there's no need for you to bother any more and you can just go to seed.'

'What about you, then?'

'What about me, Cyn? Darling, this conversation is getting nowhere. The point is that through sloth you are no longer realising your full potential.'

'Well, there's no need for you to bang on so.'

'If I don't bang on you do nothing about it. If I do bang on you do nothing about it but at least I work off my frustration and something of what I say might just permeate your suet-congealed skull.'

'But why can't you be happy with me as I am? Why are you always cajoling and carping and criticising and trying to change me?'

'Because I love you.'

'Oh great.'

'Cyn, if I didn't love you I wouldn't bother. I would simply say "there's a bird who doesn't wear a bra for reasons other than sex appeal, she's cookie, she's hung up – leave well alone." As far as I were concerned you could even grow a beard.

But I love you and I

# Thlopp

## honest . . . fat? Mike George scrutinises the bare bones of the matter

don't like loving something wots image ain't right. All day long I'm surrounded by leggy dollies who can lie on their shoulder blades and wave those legs in the air with the supple control and effortless ease of a praying mantis doing its thing. And then when I get home my own bird can hardly lift her*self* off the bed, let alone her legs.'

'But I'm perfectly happy.'

'Are you, Cyn? You used to be clothes-conscious, y'know. You obviously aren't any more. Your hot pants are luke-warm, kid – and soggy, to boot. When you tense your buttocks the excess meat puckers up like the periphery of a crowd struggling to join the main throng. When you turn over in bed there's a dull slither and plop as your stomachs follow suit and settle down again like a huddle of warm puppies nestling into their basket. Christmas is behind you, Cyn. Next stop is our summer holiday in Yugoslavia. Am I going to have to shovel you into a bucket for the trip down and then tip you onto a slab of rock like a jelly fish when we get there . . .?'

All *right*. Bastard. You've made your point. I'm not frustrated and I'm not bored and I am overweight and there's no rhyme or reason for it and you're perfectly correct . . . and I shall diet and re-attain my previous svelte, slinky, sylph-like proportions. Right?'

'Oh Cyn, if only you could . . . it would be wonderful.'

*Later:*

'Cyn?'

'Mmmmmmm?'

'It's jolly cold. Can we have another blanket?'

*Still later:*

'Cyn?'

'Mmmmmmm?'

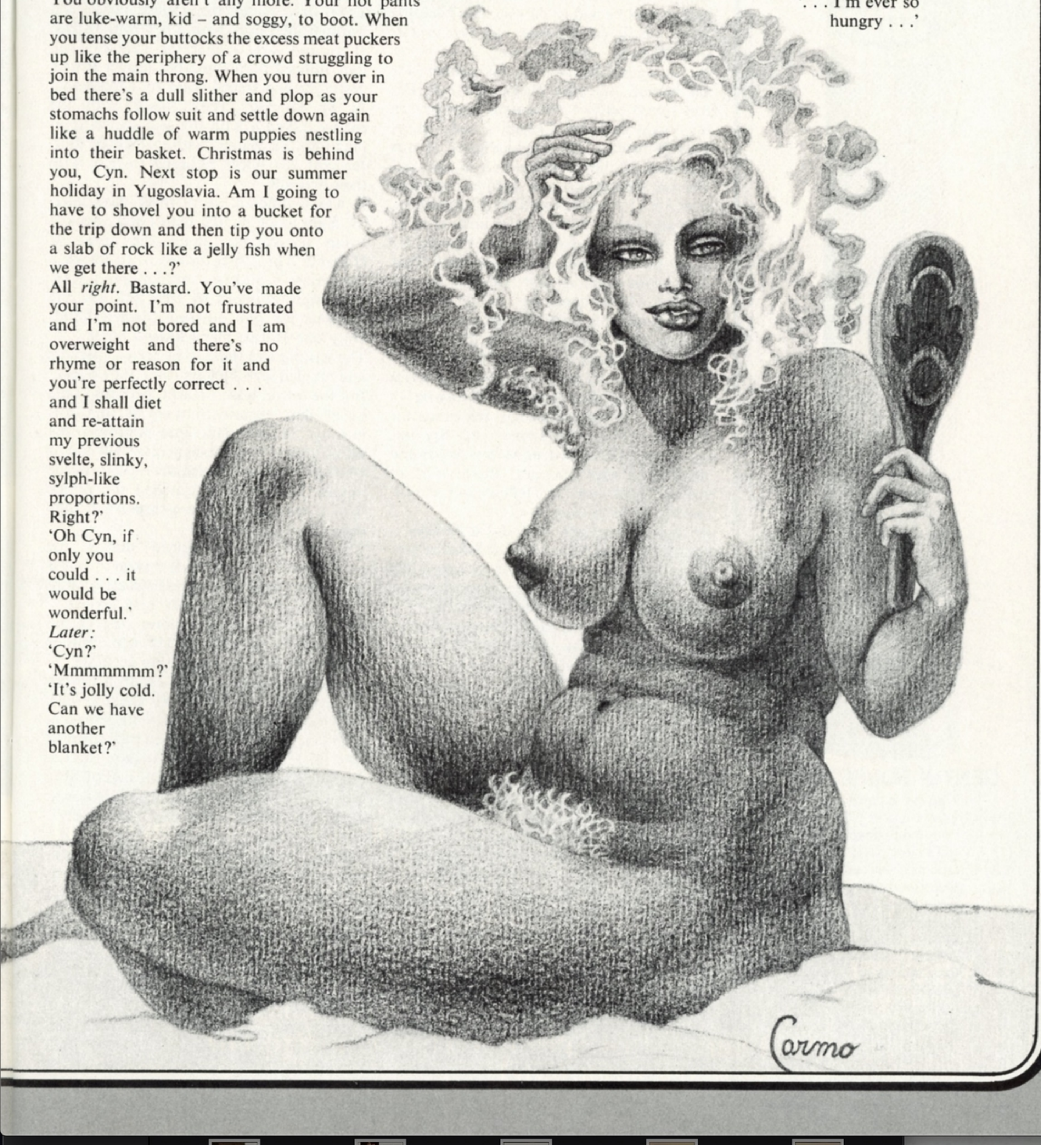
'I used to love those gorgeous great snugly knockers of yours . . . couldn't they be the last to go?'

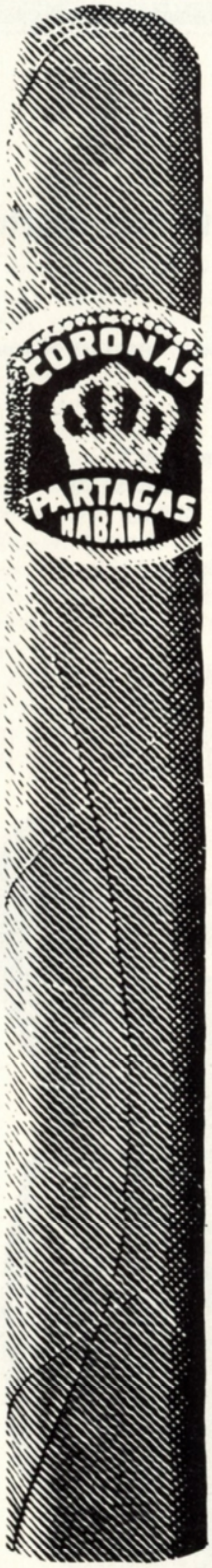
'You're all boney, Cyn.'

'Cyn?'

'Mmmmmmm?'

'. . . I'm ever so hungry . . .'





GENTLY SQUEEZE IT

That is the correct way to test its condition – never roll a cigar. All that a connoisseur needs to know about Havana cigars is in a free leaflet issued by Partagas cigars. Ask for it at your local retailer or send your name and address to

'About Havana Cigars'
154 Finsbury Court
Finsbury Pavement
London EC2A 1HH.

**Boulton Paul Defiant**

*continued from page 29*

twelve feet high. Its 3½ tons loaded weight was lifted into the air and kept there by a Rolls-Royce Merlin 1,030 hp engine – the same that powered the Hurricane and Spitfire. At 16,000 feet, with the throttle pushed through the 'gate' to emergency power, the Defiant hauled along at 303 mph – but that top speed was still 50 mph slower than that of its friend, the Spitfire. And 50 mph slower than that of the Messerschmitt 109E, its enemy . . .

The pilot's cockpit was roomy and well laid out with excellent view forward and down.

The pilot's seat was adjustable and cushioned by his parachute. If he had to bale out all he had to do was slide back the hood, unclip his harness, roll the aircraft onto its back – and drop out.

But it wasn't so easy for his gunner. He sat behind the pilot facing the tail. His feet rested on two 700-round ammunition bins that fed the Defiant's only guns: four Browning .303 machine-guns. It was cramped in there. When one of the first Defiant squadrons was formed, gunners over 5 ft 11 in were posted off the squadron. The air gunner had to cross both arms to open the sliding panel before tipping his guns forward and wriggling out. That little game took enough practice on the ground. Two miles up in a twisting, stricken aircraft with smoke, cordite and searing heat filling the turret, it became a refined nightmare from which few awoke.

If the hydraulics were shot away the turret jammed. And then there was no escape.

Escape – it had particular relevance for Defiant crews. Hurricanes and Spitfires could rely upon speed, equal fire-power and manoeuvrability to get them out of trouble – but not the Defiant. It was outgunned and out-classed.

It couldn't scramble fast and it climbed a thousand feet a minute slower than the 109. It couldn't fire forward and therefore lost all advantage in a head-on surprise approach. It couldn't fire below astern.

To us, now, it seems to have been obviously unsuited to combat – but in 1939 it was still the wonder plane yet to be tried in battle.

When war was declared in September 1939, 360 Defiants were on order, but only three were ready for operations. In December the first Defiant squadron was formed – No 264 (Madras Presidency) which had been activated only a month earlier at Sutton Bridge, Norfolk.

The squadron was based at Martlesham, just outside Ipswich, and straight away they had teething trouble with engines and hydraulics. The entire squadron was grounded while Rolls-Royce and Lockheed teams fussed around their prodigy.

The ban was lifted in early February when relative speed tests were flown against the Hurricane. Night-flying and dive-bomb suitability tests followed. Then Defiant Mk 1s were modified to take a bigger engine, a pressurised fuel system and other modifications that gave it another 12 mph. The training of 264's pilots took some time as they learnt to think in terms of their gunner's firing arc, but on March 20, 1940 the phone rang shrilly at 12 Group H.Q. 264 reported with a trace of pride that two sections of three aircraft were at operational readiness.

The following day 264 was posted to Wittering, Northamptonshire, and from there pilots took off on boring but vital convoy patrol duty – until May 10.

Then 264 was sent down to Duxford, just north of London. It was placed on alert and 'A' flight moved to Horsham St. Faith to fly into action a few hours later with Spitfires of 66 Squadron flying top cover. They weren't needed.

Pilots scanned the skies eagerly as gunners tracked their turrets, steadily searching for a target that wouldn't appear.

They flew along the Dutch coast and warmed their guns with a few rounds fired at ground targets near the Hague. Then they noticed bomb splashes near a British destroyer and traced them to a lumbering Ju 88 bomber. They closed with the enemy, raked it with fire and sent it spinning into the channel with its crew of four. Jubilant 264 pilots returned to base with their first kill.

It was a different story three days later. 'B' flight made its first patrol and attacked troop movements along the coast of Holland. They then moved in to attack a formation of Stukas – and fell into a trap. They were bounced by 109s and lost five Defiants for one downed Messerschmitt. Only one British plane limped home.

The writing was there to be seen – Defiants had tangled with fighters – and they'd lost. But the lesson wasn't learnt, perhaps in the belief that experience was all that was lacking. In the days that followed 264 pilots logged wildly exaggerated kill claims while propaganda lauded the exploits of the mighty Defiant and provided the public with a miracle plane at a time when they desperately needed one.

The myth was enhanced during the evacuation of Dunkirk when almost magical powers of Stuka destruction were attributed to the unwieldy new arrival.

But post-war research shows that of the *sixty-five* claims made by 264 by the end of May 1940, only fourteen were accurate.

These were attributed to Squadron Leader Philip Hunter, who mixed his Defiants with Hurricanes to surprise Luftwaffe attackers with head-on fire-power when they stormed in to attack from above or abeam. But the enemy learnt fast – and by the end of May another seven Defiants had been shot down. During June 264 pulled back. It absorbed new crews and re-trained.

But now it was the turn of another Defiant squadron. 141 had been formed at Turnhouse on October 4, 1939 and was equipped with Defiants in April. On June 3 it was declared operational and two weeks later moved to Biggin Hill as part of 11 Group defending the south eastern approaches to the capital. Hawkinge, Dover was chosen as its forward base.

In early June 141 aircraft had been grounded for pernickety alterations and this had robbed inexperienced pilots of very much

*turn to page 34*

The few inches that make a foot.

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that means nylon outside, cotton inside.
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we offer you more.

### Boulton Paul Defiant

*continued from page 32*

needed and essential flying practice. On June 19 the squadron was able to report that it was ready for whatever the day might bring.

The 19th dawned clear and fine and the better weather revealed nine convoys in the channel. 141 was ordered forward to protect the vital supplies and nine Defiants roared out from Folkestone at 5,000 feet. There they were spotted by a formation of Me 109s out on a *frei-jagd* (free-hunt) after shooting up an armed trawler.

The commander, Hauptmann Hannes Trautoft recalls: 'I aimed at the right Defiant and the gunner's tracer streamed towards me. Suddenly there was a violent blow on my Me 109 but the enemy had to go down. My guns fired. Pieces of the Defiant broke off and came hurtling towards me . . . I saw a thin trail of smoke and then just a fiery ball.'

Two men died as Trautloft turned for home with a juddering engine.

The remaining Defiants then broke to the flanks as gunners tracked their turrets to follow the 109s which swept down past them at the end of their dive. As they did so a second Staffel attacked head-on.

The slow, ponderous Defiants were trapped. Out-manoeuvred by the faster aircraft and out-classed by the infinitely more experienced Messerschmitt pilots, the Defiant survivors climbed frantically for cloud cover.

In less than sixty seconds four more Defiants went down in flames, their gunners trapped in their turrets. Of the pilots, only one was rescued, wounded, from the sea. The engagement over, four Defiants struggled back to base, two in difficulties. As three touched down the fourth's engine faltered and then stopped. The aircraft ploughed into the outskirts of the village. The pilot was injured. His air gunner, P/O Farnes had baled out earlier and was the only gunner picked up alive after abandoning his aircraft. 141 lost all cohesion as a fighter unit. Two days later the survivors were pulled back to the north.

On August 22, 264 moved down from the north to Manston – the scene of slaughter for 141. The night before the move a junior pilot asked Squadron Leader Hunter why they were going forward when they should be the last and not the first to meet the Luftwaffe.

Hunter replied: 'We have been given the place of honour and we must accept it.'

The next day Hunter, his gunner and two other Defiant crews were killed after chasing Stukas out to sea where they had been bounced by 109s.

The Stukas had taken part in an extensive campaign to destroy British sector airfields. They'd bombed Manston heavily and caught seven Defiants refuelling. That was on August 24. In the four days of savage fighting that followed, 264 lost eleven Defiants and fourteen aircrew. 'We were hushed and quietly subdued in the mess after that,' recalled Jim Bailey, the youngster who'd questioned Hunter the night before he was killed.

Amongst those Staffel that engaged the Defiants was Jg 26, commanded by Luftwaffe fighter ace Adolf Galland, who wondered: 'How can they put such planes into the sky?'

The same question sank home finally upon British Fighter Command and Lord Dowding, Fighter Command's C-in-C, decided that day operations were too costly. 141 Squadron was moved to Turnhouse, Scotland, and 264 to Kirton-on-Lindsay as night fighter squadrons. Defiants had fought their last daylight battle in squadron strength.

On December 22, 141 claimed its first confirmed night victory. By the end of May there were seven Defiant night fighter squadrons and a year later thirteen.

Gradually the increased efficiency of radar and the development of the superior and heavily armed Beaufighter superseded the Defiant, which only had rear-firing guns.

Then someone, somewhere wondered what to do with 200 Defiants.

Air Sea Rescue seemed a possibility and after trials 281 Squadron went over to that role. Four more squadrons followed and twelve Defiants gave cover to the Dieppe landings in August 1942.

But six months later there were snags; the older Defiants were wearing out and were hard to maintain. It was also discovered that they weren't particularly suited for ASR work, either. They had a high stalling speed and a wide turning circle. It was phased out of service in late 1942.

But that isn't quite the end of the Defiant story. It was used extensively as a tug-towing aircraft before ending its days as the workhorse for experimental ejector-seat trials – a fitting end, you may think, for the plane with the killer turret.

T
PS
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*Defiants on patrol: this official picture caption claimed 'impressive speed' and 'proved success as night fighters.' Alas, not so*

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Gold king's head by Georges Weil

Black king size by John Player

# John Player Special

**Created and perfected as the best Virginia cigarette in the world.**
**King-size luxury by John Player.**

JPS 33/m

EVERY PACKET CARRIES A GOVERNMENT HEALTH WARNING.

# BELINDA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER

If a lucky man was able to tie a label to any part of Miss Belinda's delectable anatomy, it would read 'twenty-two, 39–25–36, single, wealthy and carefree.' And in those few words the casual observer – if anyone could observe Belinda casually – would be armed with a thumbnail sketch of this month's centre girl, Belinda Carson-Browne. Though many of her contemporaries shun definite views, the emotional tie and the binding commitment, Belinda stands out as a super, beautiful exception. She knows where she's at. Born into Plymouth's 1950 post-war austerity, she and her family moved to Brighton before she could walk. They've lived there ever since. Daddy Browne's 'something in the city' and commutes each day while his cherished only daughter still dabbles in the infinite female sciences of self-advancement. 'I went to one of those very posh girls' schools near here and spent the last year-and-a-half hating

every moment of the boarding-school life and just longing to escape into the real world outside the walls. The only thing I enjoyed was the riding lesson once a week – and that's where I got my first kiss. We used to go riding with some boys from another school – strictly supervised, of course – and one day two of us waited behind and met these two boys we'd fancied. It sounds silly now but I can still remember how envious the other girls were in the dorm that night!' After she left school Belinda learnt shorthand and typing at a 'silly' secretarial school – 'it was almost as bad as

the other place but at least I was able to meet some boys.' After qualifying she worked at her father's firm but soon gave it up. 'Daddy was a poppet but I couldn't stand all that travel. It would have sent me scatty.' She left, did a cordon bleu cookery course and wangled her way out to Austria as a hostess at a winter sports holiday chalet. 'That was really fabulous. Often I wish I were still out there.' She isn't, because 'Daddy gave me some shares for my 21st and when I get the dividend from those at the end of this month I want to open a boutique with a friend. At the moment I'm knee deep in plans and stock lists and things. We're going to have clothes and handbags on one floor and a small, cosy coffee lounge and snack bar below. I'll run that side of things, and Sandy – she's the other girl – will look after all that lovely money. It should be super. If ever it goes wrong I can always go back to being a hostess.' Gentlemen – form an orderly queue here, please.

MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH / BELINDA CARSON-BROWNE

Midas was pretty touchy about lots of things. Consequently almost everything he had was gold. But in those days, before Benson and Hedges were around, it was tricky to smoke it.

Midas searched everywhere for the perfect cigarette. He even tried his hand at rolling his own, but all in vain.

Finally, Midas admitted defeat. He never found a cigarette that really satisfied him because Gold Bond hadn't been invented yet. Now that's a cigarette he would have liked to lay his hands on.

Gold Bond
20
Benson and Hedges
Gold Bond
Filter Virginia
Gold Bond

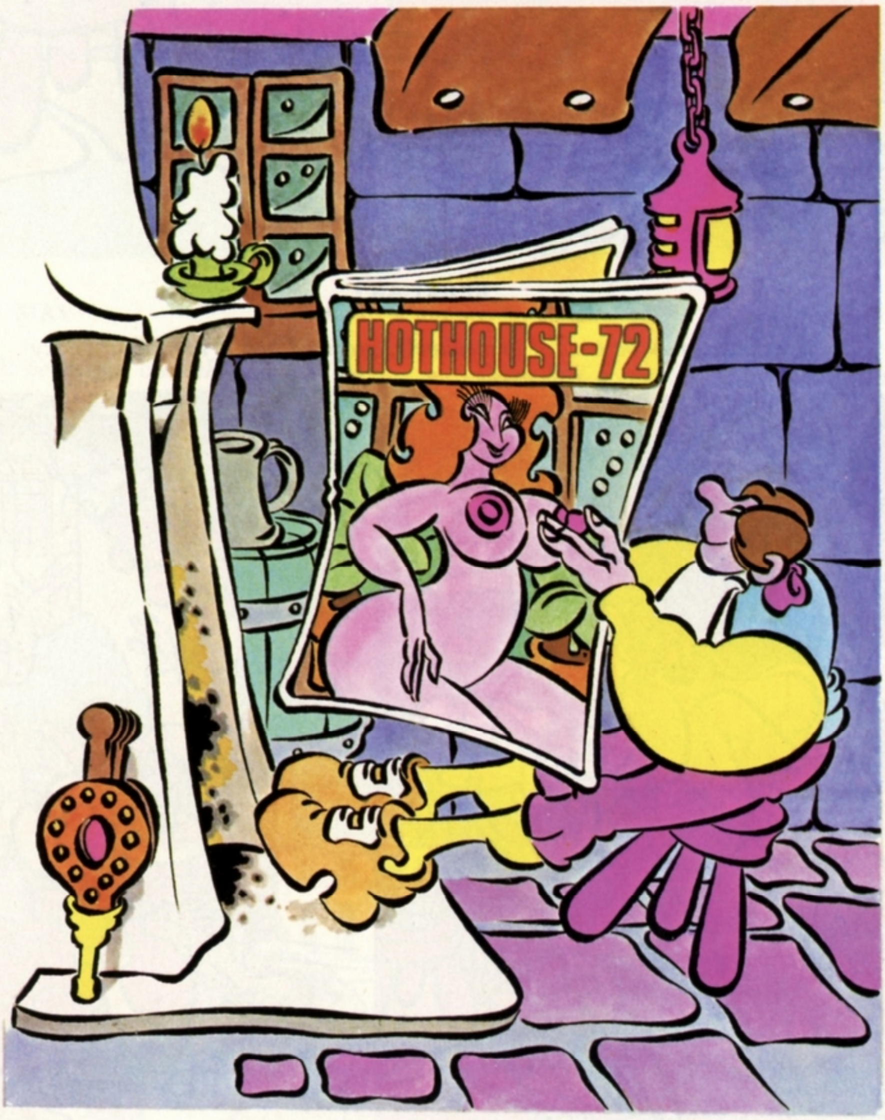
The search ends here.
Gold Bond. With gifts.

---

EVERY PACKET CARRIES A GOVERNMENT HEALTH WARNING

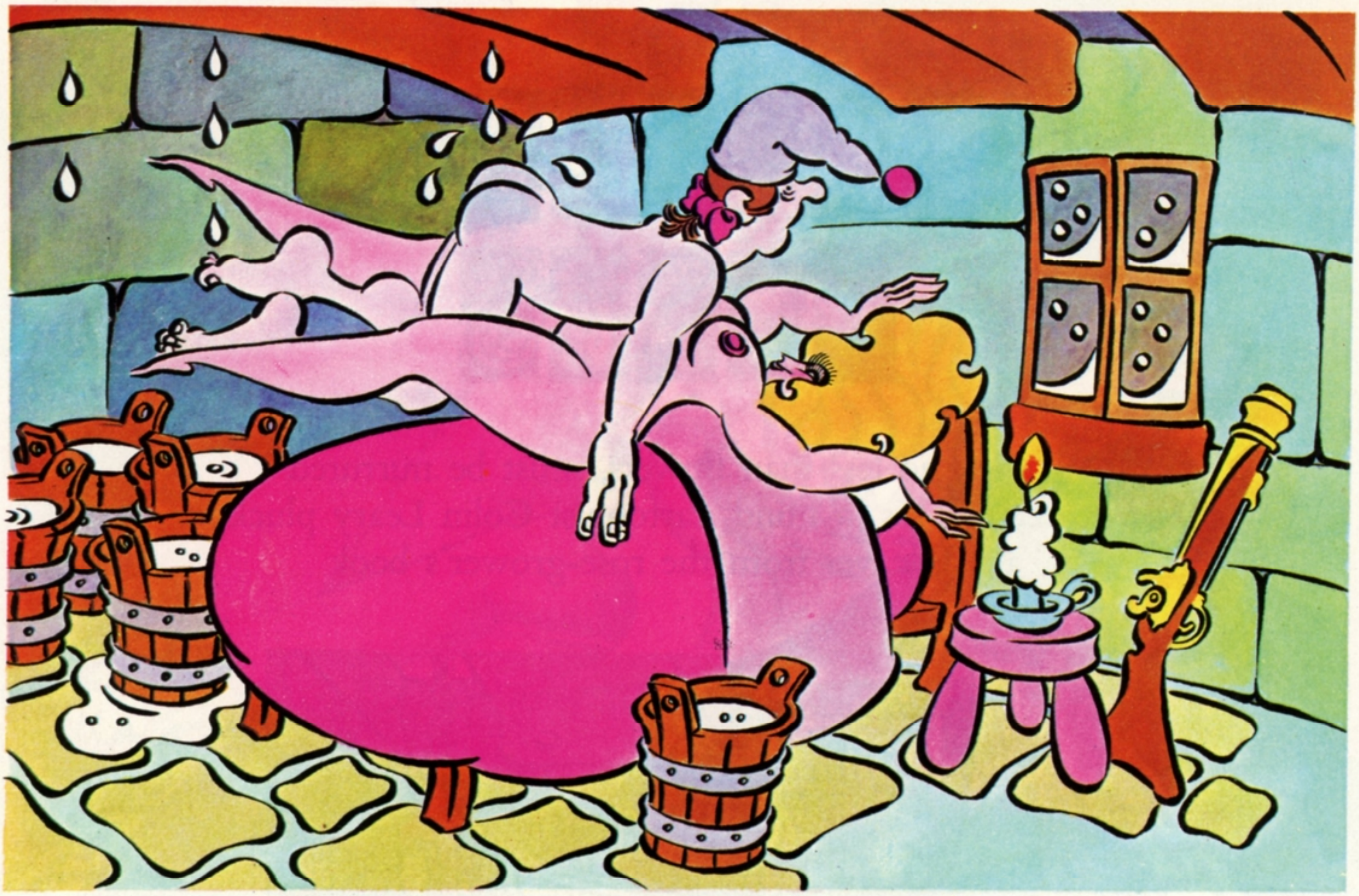
# RAISING ROSES

Ladies, no less than flowers, must be nurtured with care. This in mind, cartoonist Colin Leary plucks a few leaves from the rose-grower's book



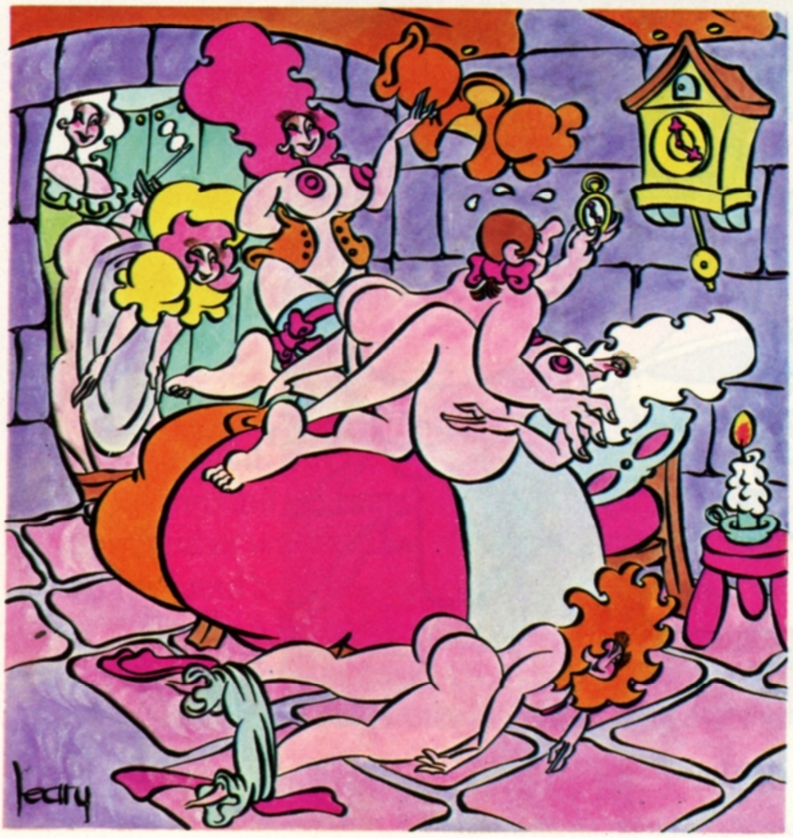
**JANUARY**

*Examine catalogue carefully and select the most suitable types of bloom for the summer ahead*



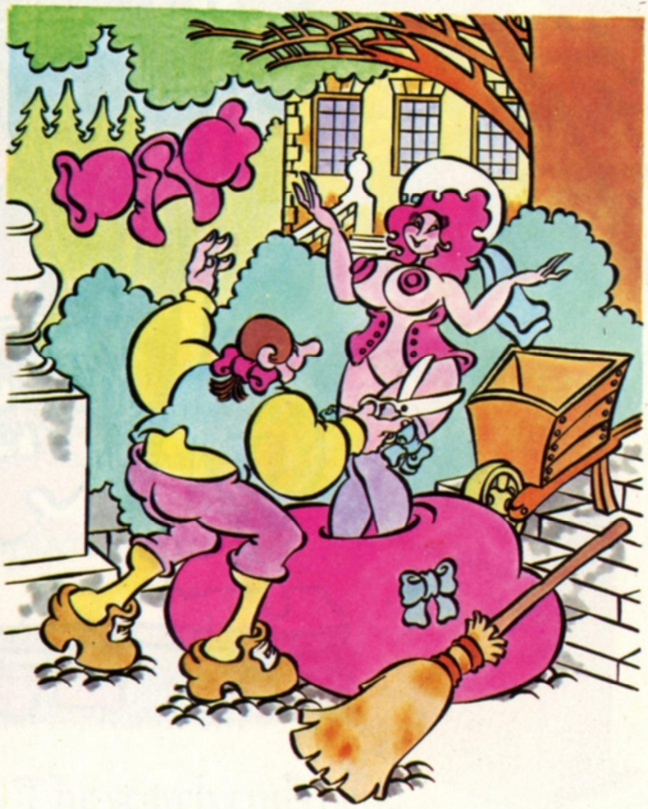
**FEBRUARY**

*Specimens may be bedded immediately, provided bed is not wet or sticky*



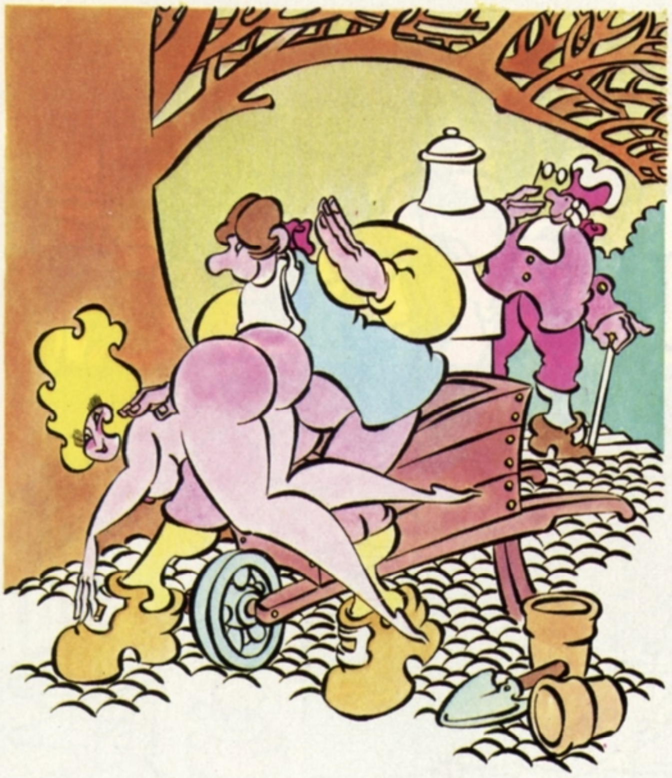
**MARCH**

*Put as many roses as possible in their place while conditions are right*



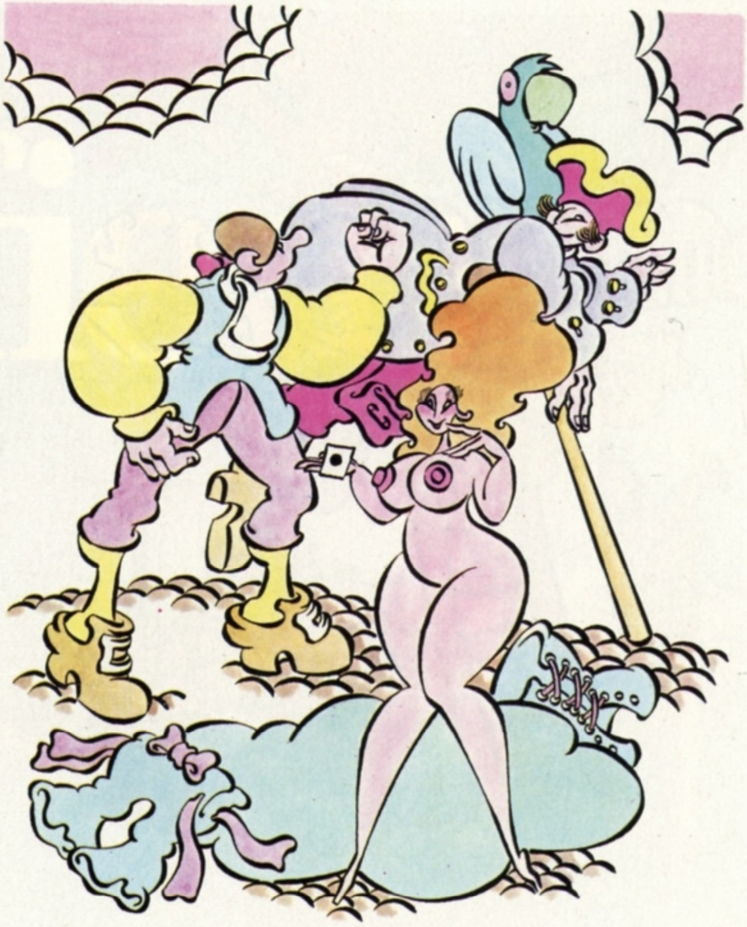
**APRIL**

*Cut back to two healthy buds and tend with fertiliser*



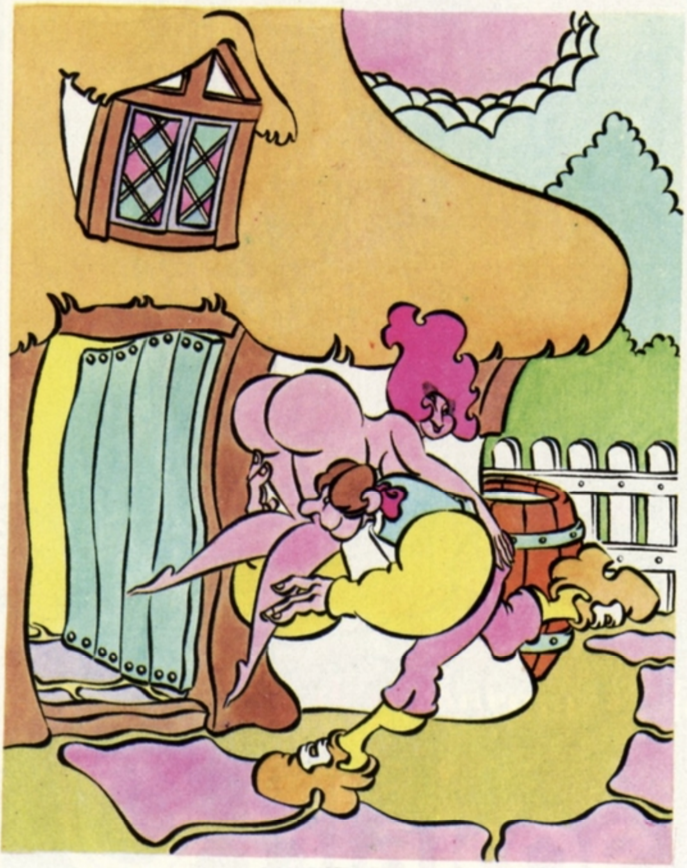
**MAY**

*Ramblers should be strictly controlled*



**JUNE**

*Given half a chance, Black Spot will try and get at the bush*

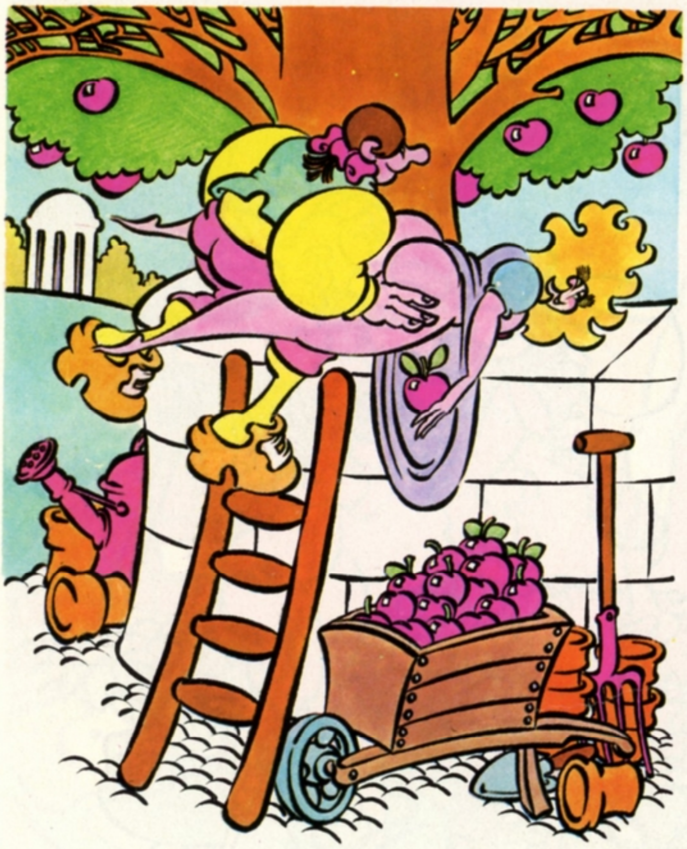


**JULY**

*Prize blooms should be plucked for home decoration*

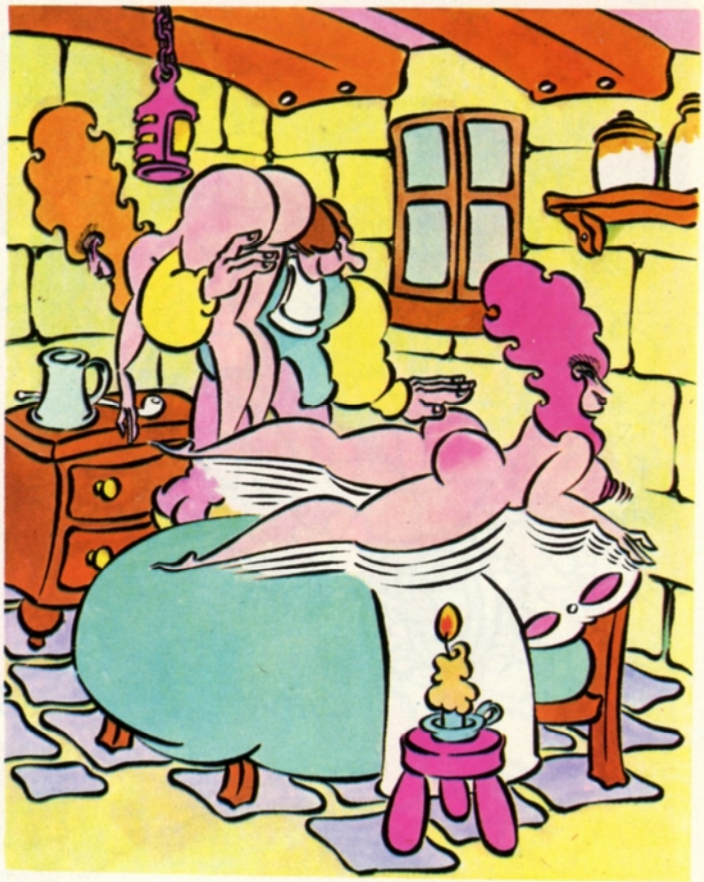
**AUGUST**

*Remove blooms as they fade*



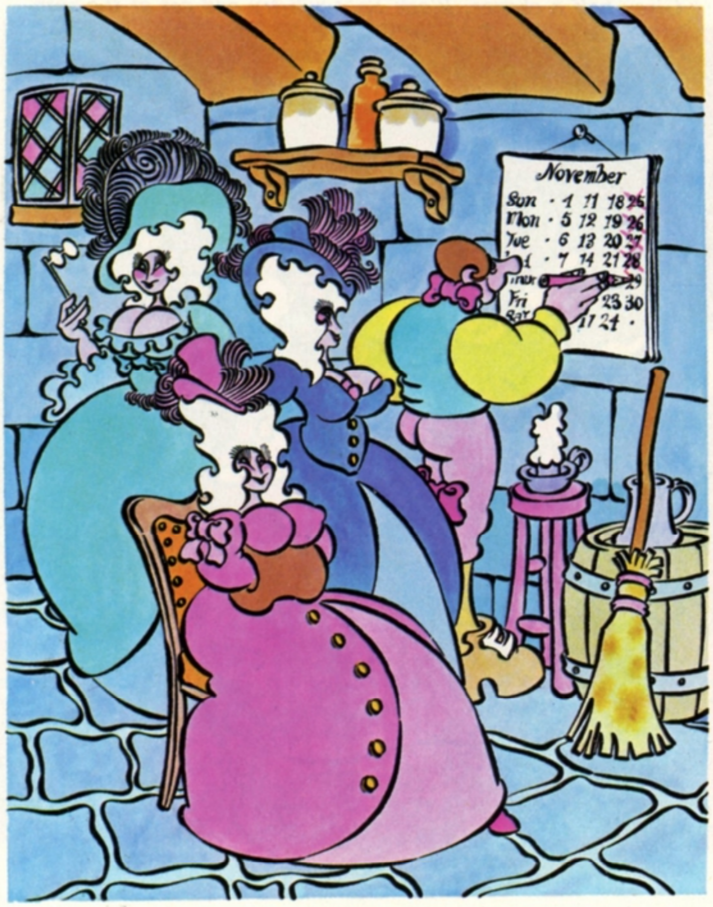
**SEPTEMBER**

*Climbers may be trained by bending them over horizontally to encourage production*



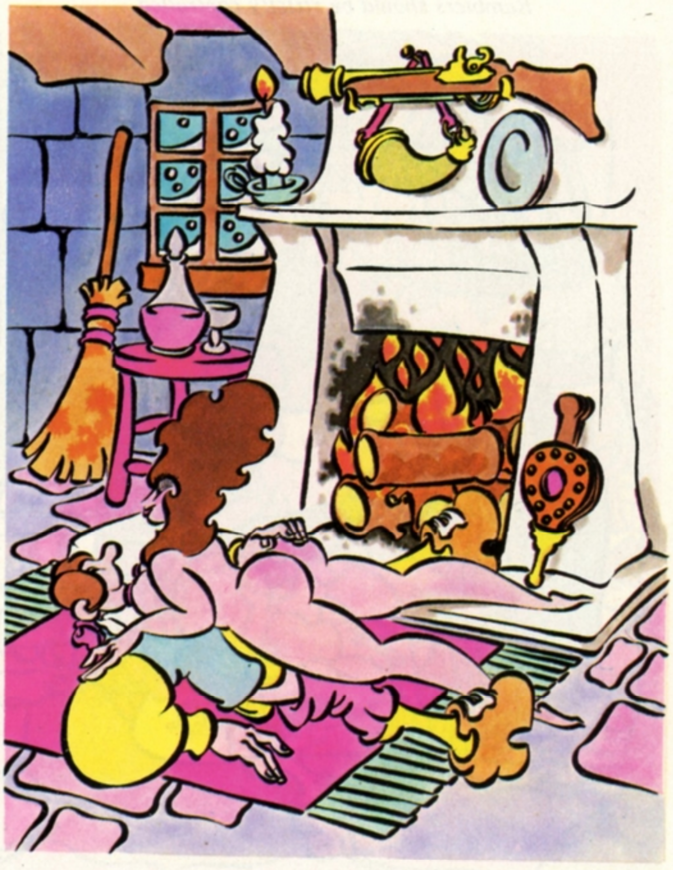
**OCTOBER**

*Prepare bed carefully for new specimens*


November
Sun · 4 11 18 25
Mon · 5 12 19 26
Tue · 6 13 20 27
· 7 14 21 28
29
Fri 23 30
Sat 17 24 ·

**NOVEMBER**

*New specimens will come to no harm if left in the packing for up to a week*



**DECEMBER**

*Roses will respond best in a frost-free place*

blakoe
blakoe
VITAMIN E
blakoe
blakoe

# Satisfied?

Life can take a lot out of a man. The punishments of daily life – late nights, overwork, strain, all take their toll on your system, causing a drop in your performance. There's nothing really wrong – fatigue, dullness, lack of stamina are just perfectly natural results of everyday existence. But to get the most out of life, you need to be at your peak. And Blakoe have produced a range of products to help you reach and stay at your peak. Products that give real results – safely and naturally.

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# Give me country maids

# who love women's rites

## Edward Knox meets the girls beneath the country customs

I once saw a well dressing. Even my friend Tom the Peeper has never seen a well dressing. Or undressing for that matter.

A well-dressing is a country rite, and one I'm particularly addicted to. Village maids deck the well with flowers and garlands to ensure the supply doesn't dry up. Of water that is. It's gorgeous. So primitive. All those nubile slices of country crumpet crossing their legs and praying the supply won't stop. I mean, after that those country maids are ready for any ritual that keeps the old juices flowing. And I'm a past master at that sort of tomfoolery.

I must say my juices had been circulating nicely since the ceremony began. This bird in classic costume got her hem hitched to the brickwork and presented to my gaze a rosy rear. I met her later in the village pub and plied her with cider. Late, late that night she promised me another rite in the passage. Alas, honest Knox must confess. The scrumpie all went to my scrotum with unfortunate results. Not even her skill at the village pump stood me in stead. Some of these rites have been less painful.

I well remember one of those floral dances in Cornwall. Remember that man who sang it on an old 78? Amazing. All these delicious birds grabbing your hands or privates or something and capering around the houses. This I had to see. So on my holidays one year I joined in. Very pretty. I was pretty taken, I can tell you, by one ravishing chick with legs like a tights advertisement. But all the dancing was in the town square. I cornered this particular bit of Cornish cream after the ritual and complained they hadn't done it properly. 'We sometimes dance in and out of the house,' she said, dimpling. 'If we're invited.' 'That's settled then,' said Knox, feeling a stirring in his stowage. 'Your place or mine?' It was my place, actually, and a more moving minuet I have yet to enjoy. Mind you, I had to fib a bit. She thought I was the official agent for signing Bluebell girls to dance in Paris . . .

Then there's the pancake race. All those lovely young housewives scampering down the streets tossing their goodies as they go. 'Let me squeeze your lemon' I said to one but she clouted me with her frying pan. We tried a pancake race in my village. My cousin Millicent was hot favourite, I well remember. She said she'd teach me to cook pancakes. 'The great art is to keep it hot and moving. Come closer, Edward, or you won't get the idea. That's right. Now from side to side. Oh, Edward, that's good for a start.' It was too. She was the warmest little cookie I'd encountered for ages. I soon turned her gas up, I can tell you. 'Oh, Edward, that's super. What else would you like to make now?' 'Toad in the hole,' I said.

Mind you, my favourite among these country rites is cheese rolling. They do it a lot in the North. They also do a fair bit of cheese rolling. You get on the top of some hill or pit heap and roll down these cheeses. Everyone stands at the top. All except Edward, that is. I wear a Press pass and stand a little way down, the better to observe the play. As the girls kneel to launch the old Cheddar you can see a fair bit of the playground. There was I gazing heavenwards when I was struck rigid. So would you have been. This crazy bird had forgotten to put her pants on. I abandoned the cheeses to their fate and clambered after her. 'Don't you feel a bit of a Brie around the Gorgonzola?' I asked. 'Oh, Mr Knox,' she blushed 'my secret is discovered. I love to be free.'

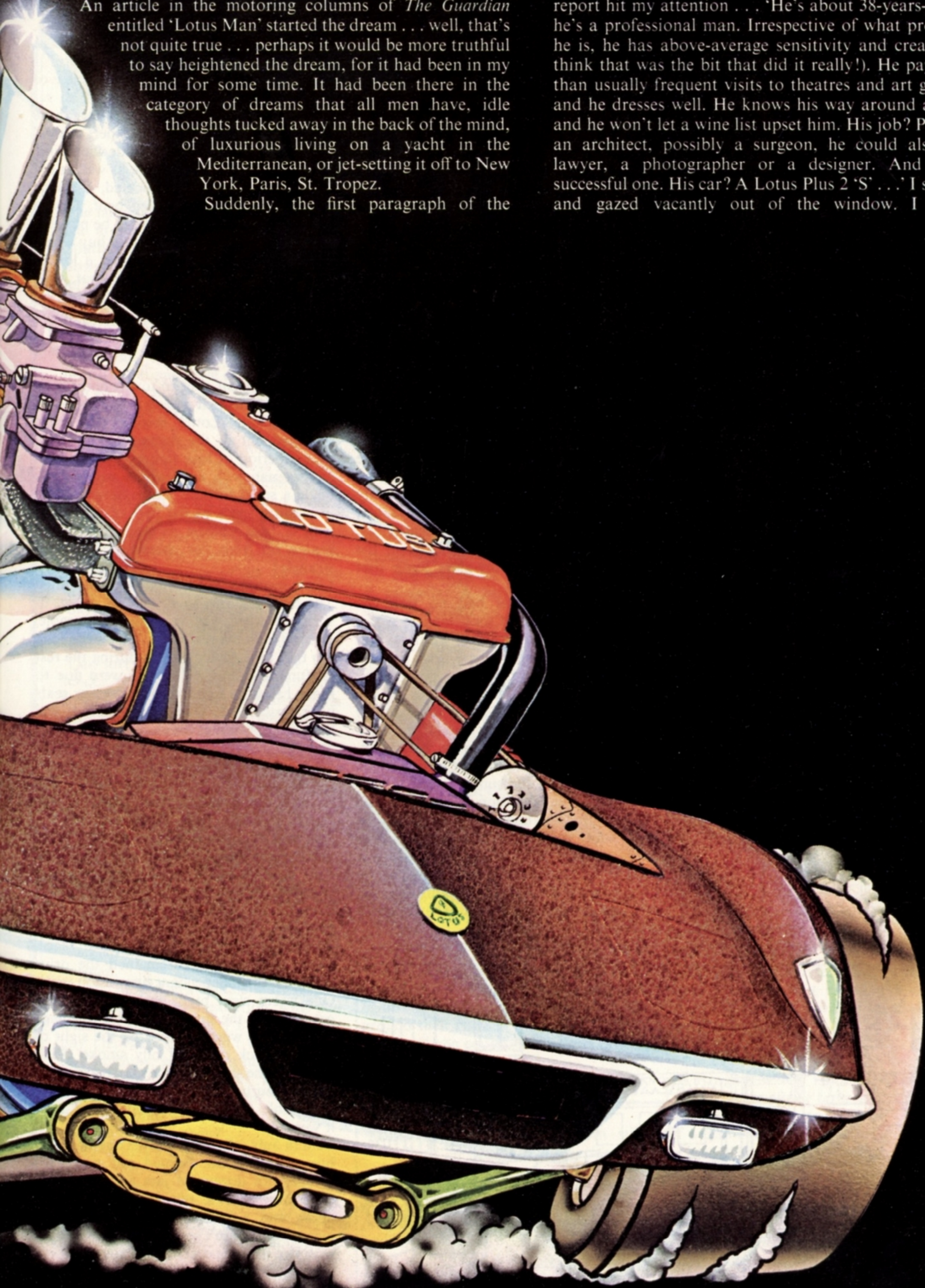
'I'm glad you're free,' I said, and then giving her chest a friendly squeeze, I asked, 'Why are you hoarding these two lovely Gouda cheeses?' 'I'm not, Mr Knox. That's me. Perhaps you have not understood me. I am an au pair from Denmark.' She was a fine pair from anywhere. 'Aha, Denmark,' I cried 'You must know all about those lovely filthy exhibitions they put on.' 'But of course,' she said 'We consider it an education. Would you like me to show you? She did too. That's why I blush when anyone asks if I'd like a piece of Danish Blue . . .

# GROW YOUR OWN LOTUS

Yes, it's possible. R M Williams recounts how, with a salvaged engine and scrabbled parts, he built himself the ultimate bachelor car

An article in the motoring columns of *The Guardian* entitled 'Lotus Man' started the dream . . . well, that's not quite true . . . perhaps it would be more truthful to say heightened the dream, for it had been in my mind for some time. It had been there in the category of dreams that all men have, idle thoughts tucked away in the back of the mind, of luxurious living on a yacht in the Mediterranean, or jet-setting it off to New York, Paris, St. Tropez.

Suddenly, the first paragraph of the report hit my attention . . . 'He's about 38-years-old and he's a professional man. Irrespective of what profession he is, he has above-average sensitivity and creativity (I think that was the bit that did it really!). He pays more than usually frequent visits to theatres and art galleries, and he dresses well. He knows his way around a menu, and he won't let a wine list upset him. His job? Probably an architect, possibly a surgeon, he could also be a lawyer, a photographer or a designer. And he's a successful one. His car? A Lotus Plus 2 'S' . . .' I sat back and gazed vacantly out of the window. I mused



and I thought to myself, that's obviously me.

Except that I'm a schoolteacher and schoolteachers, even successful ones, don't earn the money to pay out £2,659 for a Lotus Plus 2 'S'. So the riveted mind slipped back into idle fancies and happy imaginings.

No doubt hundreds of men have read similar reports, had their minds jerked to attention and then idly passed on to the next page with a resigned shake of the head. I did, but events seemed to move faster than my mind.

I was then driving an E registration MGB GT. This was coming to the stage of its life when it would have to go. Beautiful car though it was, its thirst for oil – about a pint every 200 miles – was becoming something to marvel at.

So, regrettably, I would have to sell it and buy a new car. A new car, yes, but what? A Lotus – well that was out of the question at the price, and I did not like the smaller Elan. Another MG perhaps, I had enjoyed driving it, why not?

'Why not have a look through the "damaged car columns" of *Exchange and Mart*' said a close friend. It was a suggestion certainly, but not one to be taken seriously. My knowledge of cars allowed me to fill the tank with petrol, check the tyres for pressure and the radiator for water, but hardly extended as far as changing the oil. Tony, the friend who suggested it, was a mechanical genius, a man who was never happier than grimed with oil and laid on his back under a car. For him, there was some sense in the suggestion, but for me, well, it sounded like lunacy. I shrugged my shoulders and let it ride.

A week later, Tony was on the phone from London. 'Have you seen Thursday's *Exchange and Mart?*' 'No'. 'Well, get a copy and look in the damaged car columns; there's a Lotus 2 'S' for sale for £750 – that sounds cheap enough doesn't it?' It certainly sounded cheap enough but what was the damage?

I rang the firm, a garage in Chesterfield. 'Yes, sir, we still have the car. It's come down in price since it was advertised; it's now £500. The garage warehouse it was being kept in caught fire and the body shell has been burned out . . . no, the engine is completely in working order . . . yes, it's only got 3,000 miles on the clock . . . well, there have been one or two enquiries.' A stock answer I thought, but it was worth going over to see it.

I drove to Chesterfield and with some difficulty located the garage, managed by a small man whose word rate per minute would have fitted him for a BBC racing commentary. 'No the car hasn't gone yet, but there's someone coming to see it tomorrow who knows someone with a spare body shell.' Obviously if I wanted it I would have to work quickly. Either that or it was the normal sales line.

The car itself was in a new warehouse five miles away. I was given the key and directions and told to 'go look it over'.

The warehouse was a large brickbuilt store in a deserted industrial hamlet some miles away. Inside was a good selection of touring cars, all decidedly the worse for wear. An E type Jaguar with no bonnet and a smashed windscreen, a large Pontiac tourer with New England plates, its engine pushed firmly through into the driving seat, a green MGB GT, sliced diagonally across from front bumper to rear window, a small bloodstain on the back seat telling its own story. Then, tucked away in the corner, a sawn off fibre-glass lump that must be the Lotus.

I wondered. The car had no roof, its interior was a mass of soot, tangled wires, broken glass, burned safety harness, and damaged upholstery. There was a clean break across the car behind the petrol tank, where normally the smooth lines of the boot would be. At the front, the nearside wheel was buckled under, and all the front overhang with the light pods had gone. There was no bonnet, but the engine, apart from a bump on the sump looked in perfect order. The condition of the tyres was evidence that the mileage on the clock, set in a soot grimed dashboard, was probably accurate at 3,799. But the chassis was bent along the nearside fork, there was a door missing, there were no lights or pods, and the whole thing looked what it was – a complete 'write off'.

I started to make a list of requirements – complete new body, complete interior, new dashboard, new radiator, two new wheels, two new tyres . . . Once again the dream seemed to be impossible. And more: I wasn't sure, with my limited knowledge of engineering, how easy it would be to rebuild it, or what other hidden damage there was. I really needed Tony's expert advice. Tony's report seemed to coincide with mine, although he pointed out that, as well as the front suspension being buckled, the rear off-side suspension was also bent. On the other hand, he thought it might be possible to repair the chassis rather than buy a new one. I felt more confident. After a longer conversation, Tony assured me that, with his expert advice if I got into trouble, 'It isn't an engineering job, it's an assembly job. Even *you* can handle a spanner and a screwdriver'. I decided to buy, and paid over the £500.

Tony and I went over to tow it home on a small trailer, its rear wheels riding the road. The precious Lotus engine had been squeezed out of the damaged body shell over a period of four hours, during which any woman with a swearbox would have made a small fortune. Lotus never believe in wasting space at the best of times and with a bent chassis as well, taking the engine up from the chassis was quite a struggle!

I now owned a Lotus – but what a Lotus! The first task was to strip it all down, to sort out what was valuable and usable, and to throw the rest away. This was a long job that took several weeks during the rest of June and July before we were due to move house to London. The interior seats were unscrewed. Then the carpeting and the sound-proofing; the electrical apparatus and the wiring; the remaining door; and what was left of the facia panel of polished walnut. All the carpeting was intact and so was the soundproofing. 90% of the electrical system was there with all the electrical equipment except the headlights and the auxiliary lights and one of the rear light assemblies. The steering gear was stripped down, and the soundproofing stripped off. The body had only to be unbolted from the chassis and the final disassembly procedure could take place. Body shell off, there remained the drive shaft and the independent suspension units.

One warm clear night early in July, the gardeners of the small Staffordshire village of Denstone were appalled by the sight of a thick black cloud of oily smoke rising high into the sky like some massive conifer. We had burned the old body and all other disposable and burnable units. And how it went up!

Late in July, all the parts, the engine, gearbox, transmission, burned out seats, together with dozens of jars and envelopes containing screws, nuts and bolts, small parts, and a hundred and one bits and pieces that I didn't seem to recognise at all, with two packing cases full of sound proofing materials and electrical wiring loom, were piled into a J4 van and driven with the greatest care down the M1 to Chislehurst in South East London. The chassis

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ARKET
MAXI-MARKET
RAYMOND LOWRY

*'Good heavens, Bunter, don't you remember me – Greyfriars '29?'*

# Gentlemen, that reminds me...

The languid English couple were taking tea in the palm court of the genteel South Coast hotel. She had just put down a Sunday newspaper that had been left by a previous occupant of the chair.
'Tell me, Archibald,' she said, 'do we have sexual relations?'
Archibald lowered his newspaper and raised an eyebrow. 'Well, yes, my dear . . . I suppose we do . . .'
'Oh good,' said his wife. 'Shall we invite them over to stay?'

The cattle-drive was over and the riders paid off. One of the cowboys rode into the small town in the middle of nowhere, hitched up his horse and walked into the saloon. Two drinks later he was aware of a certain stirring below his pistol belt as the booze reminded him of the gentler things of life he'd been missing.
'Say, bartender,' he said after a few minutes thought, 'where can I find me a woman?'
'I'm sorry, cowboy,' replied the bartender, wiping a glass on his apron, 'but there ain't no womenfolks around here. This here's a cattle town and nothin' else.'
The cowboy looked dejected and struck a spark of pity from the barman. 'Tell you what, though,' added the latter, 'use George. Everybody else does,' he added in a half whisper, hand held across his mouth.
'But I ain't like that,' exploded the cowboy, storming out.
He went outside, sat on the steps and cooled off, nagged by that little ol' itch beneath his pistol belt. At last he reached a decision and returned to the barman.
'Look,' he said, in a confidential whisper. 'I've got a good reputation with the women back east and if I'm to use this guy George then I don't want anyone else to know, get it? I'm not like that.' He paused: 'But tell me, how many other guys will have to know?'
'Seven,' replied the barman.
'Seven! Who are they?'
'Well – there's you . . .'
'That's one.'
'There's me . . .'
'That's two.'
'And of course there's George . . .'
'Yeah – that's three. What about the other four, then?'
'Oh, they're to hold George down. He's not like that either.'

## A round-up of after-dinner jokes

The farmer's young son was in a vile mood. On his way into the farmyard the cow was in his way – so he kicked it savagely. A little further along a chicken crossed his path and he kicked that. Just as he got to the back door he stumbled over a sweet little pig – and he kicked that most mightily.
His mother had been watching his progress through the window: 'Tom,' she said, 'I saw what you did. Just for that, my boy, there'll be no supper . . . and no bacon in the morning for picking on that little pig . . . *and* no eggs for kicking that chicken . . . *and* no milk for kicking the cow. So there!'
Just then (right on cue) his father came in the door, slammed it shut and kicked the pussy that was basking in front of the hearth.
Junior looked at his dad and then turned to his mother and said: 'Well, are you going to tell him or shall I?'

They moved apart for him to light their cigarettes and then she snuggled close again and pulled the bed-sheets up around their chins.
'Darling,' she cooed, 'how many others were there before me?'
After a few minutes' silence she said with a slight pout:
'Well, darling? I'm still waiting.'
'Yeah,' he replied dryly, 'I'm still counting.'

The professor was instructing a group of young nurses and the lesson had progressed to the physical examination for hernia.
'First of all,' said the professor, pulling pompously on his lapels, 'you ask your patient to drop his pants and cough. Does anyone know why we do that, eh?' He glowered at his pupils.
One shapely student blushed deeply and hazarded: 'So he won't be able to hear me whistling?'

A curvy young woman went to the ticket window at the railway station with a young boy in tow. She asked for one and a half to London. The ticket clerk peered long and hard at the boy. 'You can't get by with a half-fare for that boy,' he announced. 'He's wearing long pants.'
The girl gave him a dazzling smile. 'Well, if that's your criterion,' she said. 'I ought to be travelling free.'

There were two fleas who lived in the Naval barracks in Portsmouth. One was a large, well-built flea but the other was thin, weedy and anaemic looking. The small flea, naturally, was worried and asked the large flea what was the secret of his success. The large flea replied: 'Every afternoon when the Wrens are going back to their quarters, I jump onto one of them, climb to the top of her leg, get into her panties, have a good feed and go to sleep. She brings me back in the morning and off I hop.'
So that afternoon the little flea jumped onto a passing Wren and off he went. He vanished for a week and the big flea was getting worried. Finally the little chap staggered in through the barrack gates, weaker than ever.
'Where have you been, then?' asked the big flea as the little flea leant against the side of the building, gasping.
'Well, I did as you said,' said the little flea: 'I picked out a lovely blonde Wren, had a good feed and went to sleep. The following morning I woke up in an Army sergeant's moustache in Aldershot and I've had to walk all the way back.'

An arrogant wench from Salt Lake,
Liked to tease all the boys on the make,
She was finally the prize,
Of a man twice her size
– Now all she recalls is the ache.

*Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2. There is a free subscription for the reader whose letter is selected. In case of duplication of jokes submitted, the Editor's decision on awarding a subscription is final*

# GROW YOUR OWN LOTUS

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was left – I had been told by Lotus that on no account must a damaged chassis be repaired.

The second major part of the project was to begin and I was now itching to get on: I had plans to finish it by Christmas and give myself a super Christmas present. The first step was to draw up an analysis of cash flow, and to prepare a forward plan, so that the arrival of spare parts would match available funds. With the money from the sale of the MGB, the 'wreck' had been paid for, and there was some £150 left over to order immediate parts. In addition, a very kind bank manager allowed me an overdraft of £500 over a twelve month period, and this I estimated would more or less fit in with the estimates I had had from the garage, who sold me the wreck, and from two Lotus dealers who had priced me out a fairly extensive list of parts.

The chassis was the obvious place to start the rebuilding programme, for everything about the Lotus stems from the strong steel chassis that runs the length of the car and onto which everything, including the body and engine, is bolted. After the chassis, I planned to replace the suspension units and the wheels, link up the transmission and gearbox and lift the engine unit into position. The second stage of building would be the body and soundproofing, which would be followed by work on the engine compartment. Then it would be re-building the interior and linking up the electrical system, after which the car would be sprayed and the screens and doors put in, together with the boot and bonnet lids, and light pods. So much for the plan; the reality was rather more complicated, and certainly a great deal longer than anticipated – as well as being more costly!

Ordered at the beginning of July, the chassis did not arrive until half way through September. The two months of the long summer holidays had been virtually wasted, and by the time the long girder of steel arrived, I had begun to have doubts about the whole project and my ability to complete it. I kept looking at other Lotuses on the road, sighed and shook my head. So did other people, and it was the other people shaking their heads that turned my shake into a nod. When the chassis eventually arrived, my enthusiasm returned. 'After all', said Tony, 'if you do get tired of it, you can always sell the parts. You won't do so at a loss.'

Whilst waiting for the chassis to arrive, I had pottered about sorting through the parts and the multitude of nuts, bolts and screws, trying to visualise where they would fit and which parts I would need first. I read and re-read the comprehensive Lotus Works Manual, making long 'order of building' lists all of which kept my mind on the job and prepared me for the work ahead. The nuts and bolts I married and lined up on a work bench rather like a long army regiment on parade. I looked at them and hoped I would be able to piece them all together – and wondered how many I would have left when the car was completed? An ominous thought for driver and passengers.

*Exchange and Mart* became a regular visitor through the letter box on Thursday mornings as I pored over the Lotus columns of cars and spares and looked at the columns headed 'various' under which damaged or cars for breaking were listed. I had determined that if possible I would acquire as many parts on the second hand market as I could, assuming that they were in good condition – and that I could buy them.

As it happened, I was very lucky in this quarter. Reading the columns, at 7.45 one morning, I saw the first item of spares that would be of use to me – a rear window and door panels for £5 and £15 respectively. Notwithstanding the time, I rang the number, a Berkhamsted number, to be greeted by a sleepy voice at the other end obviously just risen from bed at the imperious summons of the instrument. He didn't sound too pleased at my enquiry of whether the Lotus parts had gone, but as the conversation went on, and consciousness began to come through, he became more friendly. I arranged to pick up the window and door frame on the next Sunday.

In Berkhamsted that Sunday I collected the window which was in perfect condition, but was advised not to take the door panels. 'I would wait, if I were you' said Alan, the owner of Thursday's sleepy voice. 'The panels are the least of your worries. After the panels you need frames and a window glass, and then you have to fit the motor and the wiring that drives the electrically-operated windows. It would be better for you to try to pick one up complete.' He seemed very knowledgeable about Lotuses and I wondered if he worked for them. 'No' he replied, 'but I've just rebuilt one. As a matter of fact I was going to ask you if you wanted a body shell. A mate of mine has one that is more or less brand new which he doesn't want now.'

Imagine my feelings on hearing this bit of news. I had been told that a new body would cost £500 – unpainted! – and that did not include the light pods, boot and bonnet lids, all of which were a total of £30 extra.

It was a fantastic stroke of luck, without which the project might well have foundered. I didn't know Alan from Adam, but here, within the space of a few hours, I had acquired a body shell and lids, a rear window and a source of constant help and encouragement founded on experience, and all for a saving on retail list price of approximately £200. But it did not end there. A week later, Alan rang up to ask me if I had wheels or whether I needed any new ones. I said that I had three but required two more. 'Well, there's a chap in Merton who has some chrome rimmed wheels for sale at £2.50 each. Give him a ring.' I did, and the next Sunday picked up five second hand but perfect condition chrome rimmed Lotus wheels which, even on the ex works 2 'S' model, are fitted only as extras.

Meanwhile, back in the workshop, rebuilding started. The front suspension units were put on without trouble and the steering arm was bolted into position and connected to the two hub units. Next I turned my attention to the rear suspension units which I knew from my experience of taking them off would be much more difficult. Owing to my inexperience I found that I had unbolted units which I didn't need to have done; I had two massive and very powerful rearsprings lying around the garage, which I should not have unleashed in the first place, and which would be 'real nuisances' to put back.

But we conquered them, after my wife with infinite patience had compressed them in a vice, tied them up with nylon rope, and gently and carefully released them onto their supports.

The other major problem with the rear suspension units was with the independent

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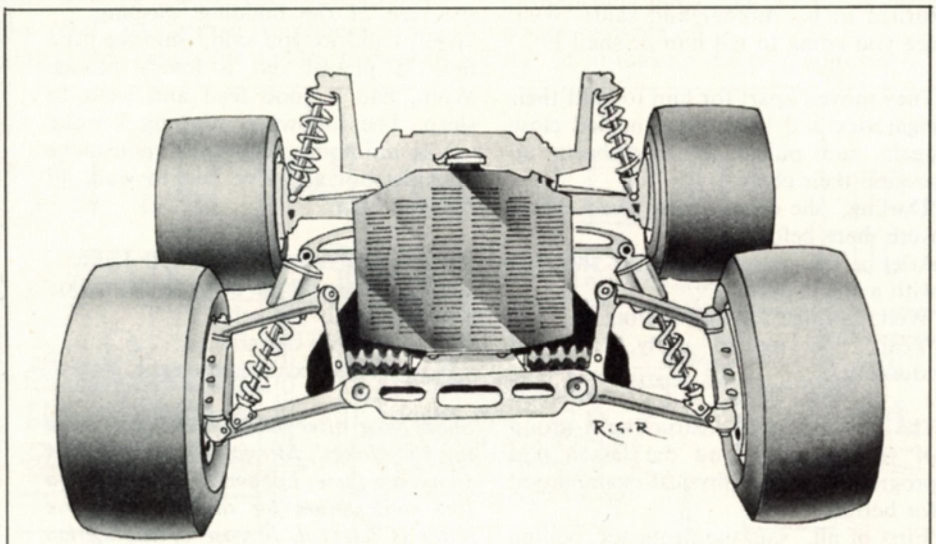
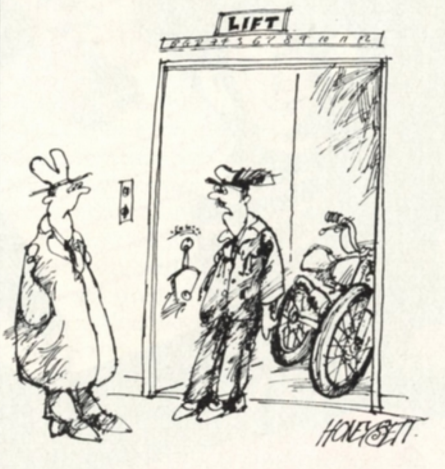


*Beginning of the road: the car's basic skeleton before its long journey to completion*

Wolsey. We're on your wavelength.
Wolsey offer you
more colours,
more textures, more styles.
From about £3.00.
Over to you.
Wolsey
we offer you more.

*continued from page 56*



*It's not a bad job, really. I can practise my hobby when it's quiet – Wall-of-Death riding.'*

drive shaft fitted under the Chapman patent. The rotoflex couplings connecting the differential to each hub have to be bent at an angle before they can be coupled up and bolted to the drive shafts. This can only be done by sheer physical strength, at the end of which you are near hating everything about the car. Still, Lotus owners know that it is a car that develops a 'love-hate' relationship.

I was advised by Alan to bolt onto the chassis everything that could be before the body was bolted on. It seems it is a principle of Lotus engineering to allow as little spare space as possible around major units. Thus, the chassis was undersealed from front to back and then, one weekend in October, with the help of Tony, the engine was bolted into position.

I had expected that this would be a major operation requiring a great deal of expertise and, certainly, more capital equipment than I had available. But the Ford cylinder block, with the Lotus overhead cams and the Weber twin carbs was surprisingly light to lift into position and bolt on, once the gearbox had been nursed into the front of the box girder chassis and connected to the transmission shaft.

Two men were able to lift the engine unit easily onto the chassis. Whilst one man bolted the engine to the gearbox casing, the other was able to hold the engine clear in position. The positions were reversed for the bolts to be pushed through the engine couplings on either side of the chassis, then all bolts were tightened up. The remainder of the day was spent working at the engine to try to make it start.

Remembering that it had been lying idle in one garage or another for six months or more it was probably too much to expect that it would start first time, but after about an hour of tinkering by Tony, and with me touching up the underseal under the chassis, a mighty roar blew bits of dust and dirt all over me. With no exhaust pipe save the small pipage leading from the manifold to the first junction box, and no silencer, the noise was quite spectacular.

The first major part of the re-build was complete. I waited for the body shell to arrive. It did so one quiet Sunday afternoon, and lay for a couple of weeks like some giant grey whale on our frontage. Then, with all the small units bolted onto the chassis, we were ready for the second stage – the body.

Four of us were able to lift the body shell into position. Tony and myself, June and Ann, Tony's wife, prepared to do battle with the monster.

Again, it was a relatively simple matter and a very easy lift, to take it by the four corners and carry it five yards to drop it over the chassis, which now stood outside on all four wheels with the red of the Lotus rocker box cover gleaming in the daylight.

The Lotus body is one complete fibre glass unit, with steel strengtheners along the door shelves. It bolts onto the chassis in sixteen places, one bolt either side of the engine mounting, two along the front cross member, four bolts either side of the central girder, two across the rear cross members and two through the top of the central girder just forward of the gear lever. Although it sounds simple, this was one of the most difficult jobs, and certainly one of the most tedious, which perhaps explains why one tries to take short cuts, which in the end make the job more difficult. Each hole had to be marked, after the body was in position, and then drilled through the chassis. In effect this meant drilling three holes for the final hole has to be 9/16th diameter. After that, both the drill hole through the chassis and the metal mounting point in the body have to be tapped out. In the process I broke two drills and one tap, stripped two threads and had to re-drill the two mounting holes astride the engine. Altogether it represented about five hours painful work at the end of which I was once more back in the position of wanting to sell the bloody thing.

By now the job was getting well on, and the painting had to be thought about. I rang a friend of mine in North London to get a quote from him and some other names and addresses of garages nearby. Ringing round, I found that spraying varied from £60-£90; I took a middle price with a specialist firm nearby, and found that they were prepared to give me another 5 per cent discount for cash payment. The painting was arranged – but what colour? I had been thinking in terms of metallic silver or even gold – 'so good they even wrapped it in gold'! – but June returned from the West End one afternoon to say that she had seen the colour she wanted – a metallic nigger brown. 'I don't know which car it was on but it's a fabulous colour'.

So the search began. Having gone through all the colour cards, we settled for a dark brown colour normally found on a Singer Vogue. Away it went to be sprayed: two weeks later it came back, for the first time looking like a car rather than some ghostly apparition.

There were two more stages of rebuild – interior and accessory assembly, in which was included all the soundproofing and interior work, headlining, rear and front screens, facia panel and crash pad, and the electrical assembly. Theoretically, this part of the re-build should have been fairly easy and straightforward. In practice it was almost the most frustrating part of all, containing all the imponderables, mistakes, and small inefficiencies that bedevil both the professional and the amateur car-maker.

The accessory stage came first. The glueing of the soundproofing and carpeting, and the installation of headlining and screens sounded like a quick and satisfying job. The soundproofing was certainly easy, but it was not very quick. Every inch of the Lotus, from the rear of the boot through to the front of the facia panel and feet supports, is soundproofed with 1" thick soundproofing materials which have to be applied with glutinous Dunlop 691 adhesive. At the end of the exercise you end up with hands and arms covered in strong compounds of felt and 691 adhesive – and the only way to get it off is by laboriously pulling it away from the skin, a process that occasionally removes part of yourself, too.

The headlining proved very difficult. Because of the patience required, it seemed an ideal job for June. In the event it proved so, but the difficulties of fitting were nothing to the problems of acquiring a headlining. The Lotus distributor with whom I dealt was obviously unaccustomed to the long list of spare parts I requested, holding only the stocks of parts that need replacing in the normal process of running repairs. A headlining and four supports was supplied, but on getting it home, I found it to be the wrong type, this one fitting the much smaller Lotus Elan. Another had to be ordered from the factory, and as the factory were on holiday no orders were being dealt with for a two week period.

Three weeks of waiting elapsed before the new, and right, headlining arrived ready to be fitted, and then, with the patience of Job, June carefully pulled and pressed it into position, and screwed in the holding bars. The glasses were next, and here again June's ability to laboriously press home the sealing tape, over a three hour period during which we used a bottle and a half of washing up liquid and acquired a numb thumb that lasted for over two weeks, came in very useful.

The other accessories proved even more difficult, though most of the difficulties were not of my making. It was during this stage that the cost of the car escalated way beyond original calculations. The number of accessories that a Lotus, particularly a 2 'S' model, contains is amazing – and none of them is cheap!

However, many of the parts are standard Ford parts, so that if the part number could be obtained, the unit could be obtained from a Ford dealer, who usually give 15-20 per cent discount rather than a Lotus dealer who can only afford to give 10 per cent. The steering is completely Triumph engineering, so that British Leyland stockists could be approached,

*turn to page 75*

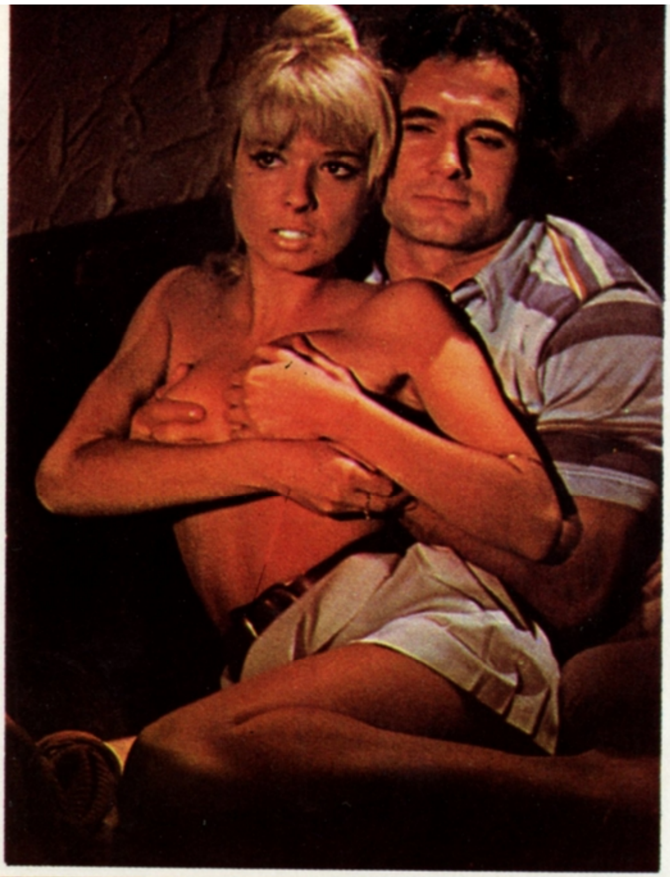
Cossack hair spray
for men–all it
controls is your hair
COSSACK
MEN'S HAIR DRESSING
FOR NORMAL HAIR

# SO AIR GIRLS ARE REALLY THAT FLIGHTY ?

## A film take-off of stewardess life

Observe the British male, jet-bound for distant parts. One hand clutches his duty-free, the other his seat-belt release as both eyes lock on the curved thighs of the air hostess across the companionway. Once up and away he becomes a hopeful knicker-glimpser and earns crook-neck inspecting strained blouse-buttons as she reaches across his seat for that spare pillow. From a range of mere inches her taut, corporation breasts threaten beatific suffocation and if nothing comes of that it won't be his fault. Yes – there *are* compensations that weigh mightily against the naked fears of air travel. As some sop to the dangers to life and limb, we're given stewardesses – and now Die Stewardessen (The Stewardesses, Avis Films) bring our high-flying fantasies about those curvy air maids down to earth with a lusty squeal of tortured rubber.

*Host to the thought that those air hostesses can be just as cooperative at ground level, Die Stewardessen features its own kind of automatic landing aid (extreme left, top). Below that, mid-flight fumbles from Herr Kapitan, with below a more traditional scene of carnal confrontation. Facing page, right, one of the incentives for air travel, Ingrid Steeger, shows what she's made of. Left, this aircrew peel-off caused enormous turbulence at the preview and had us fumbling for our seat-belts. It is claimed that Die Stewardessen has something for everyone. Above, something for the girls; a nice slab of cheesecake*



Evelyn Traeger, Ingrid Steeger – und madchen aus aller welt (if we're to believe what we're told) – take the title roles in this sexy spoof that's dubbed in three languages – English, French and German. The plot reportedly shows (in colour, yet) what befalls air staff down here in those plush hotels between flights and up there among the clouds above runway five-niner. It's a sort of crew-screw marathon that flits across nine different countries. To its credit, the film makes no attempt to substantiate its claims by fact and as long as someone on the production (film) team remembers to focus a lens now and then, it can hardly fail. It pampers to almost every male fantasy from Bear Island to the Straits of Gibraltar. And as if it's not enough to know with absolute certainty that Helga's going to be goosed at angels seven thousand, grappled somewhere over the alps and damn' near raped back at Heathrow, a generous film director who'd hate to disappoint anybody, has thrown in more of those taut tunics and un-buttoned blouses than are strictly good for us. And – by the by – there are tub scenes and soapy scenes, flight deck fumbles and intimate touch-downs, orgies and just plain sex in such excess that Die Stewardessen makes a lot of other so-called 'sexy' films look as if they haven't even got off the ground.

*Inter-staff relations play a vital part in the efficient running of any organisation and (top) one of the aircraft's flying officers gets close to the heart of a potential problem. (Above) Captain and stewardess take their training seriously and prepare for a ditching*

*Boredom can be a danger to our high-flyers when they've both feet on the ground – so these girls (above) take suitable precautions. Coffee and smiles aren't all a captain expects from his crew when they're down and out of uniform. Here one of the cabin staff carries out routine horizontal maintenance, while (above) another skybird flexes the form that got her the job in the first place*

# Sophie. In colour. On film. For you.

Alone in a train compartment, air hostess Sophie spills her duty-free drink over her uniform and decides to change. And that's when you come in. We think it's a powerful thought - and we have just made a powerful film to prove it. Sophie, the girl you raved about. In 100 feet of colour film, she shows how well equipped she is to cope up in the air or anywhere else. She takes off that crisp, tight uniform and . . . It's a bargain. For sure. Sophie looks really fabulous on film.

*Above and at right: Sophie as she first appeared in Mayfair. Far right, air hostess Sophie as she appears in our full-colour film.*

*Each Mayfair colour film – and there are four now – costs £5·50. Each is approximately 100 feet long and gives you an unrivalled chance to see our girls in living, moving colour. (All prices, incidentally, include postage and packing.) Technically speaking, the films are all 8mm. Today there are two types of 8mm film – Super 8 and Standard 8. Please check which one will suit your projector before ordering as the films are not interchangeable, unfortunately.*

*If you are buying a new projector, remember Super 8 gives the larger image. If you don't own a projector we've arranged for Arrowtabs Hand Movie projectors to be available to our readers. They're made of styrene with nylon bearings and are worked by turning a crank handle. They have their own light source and any frame can be frozen instantly for closer inspection. The viewer (pictured on left) takes STANDARD 8 films only. It cost £2·40.*

**Sophie's our newest arrival. Below are the other films:**

If you like blondes you'll love our Caroline. Caroline Dell. The first ever Mayfair dolly to be filmed specially for our readers who'd been clamouring for more since her first appearance in our pages. Watch this micro-skirted swinger dance specially for you – and just watch what happens to her clothes.

If you like 'em black and you like 'em big – then Sylvia is the one for you. The name implies something almost genteel. Don't believe it. Sylvia is all woman – and a lot more as well. Watch those gigantic, passion-tipped breasts move and sway as she struggles out of the clothes that hamper her.

Victoria Jane. There's a ring to that name that somehow manages to capture the full English roundness of our Mayfair film girl number three. Watch what happens to Jane's full, lush form when she washes the mud from her dog after a walk. As you can imagine, the soap suds get everywhere. That's right – everywhere.

**To MAYFAIR FILM SOCIETY, 95A CHANCERY LANE, WC2**

Please send me Victoria Jane/Caroline Dell/Sylvia Bayo/hostess Sophie film(s) (delete whichever does not apply). I would like Standard 8mm/Super 8mm (delete whichever does not apply). I enclose cheque/postal order for..............................

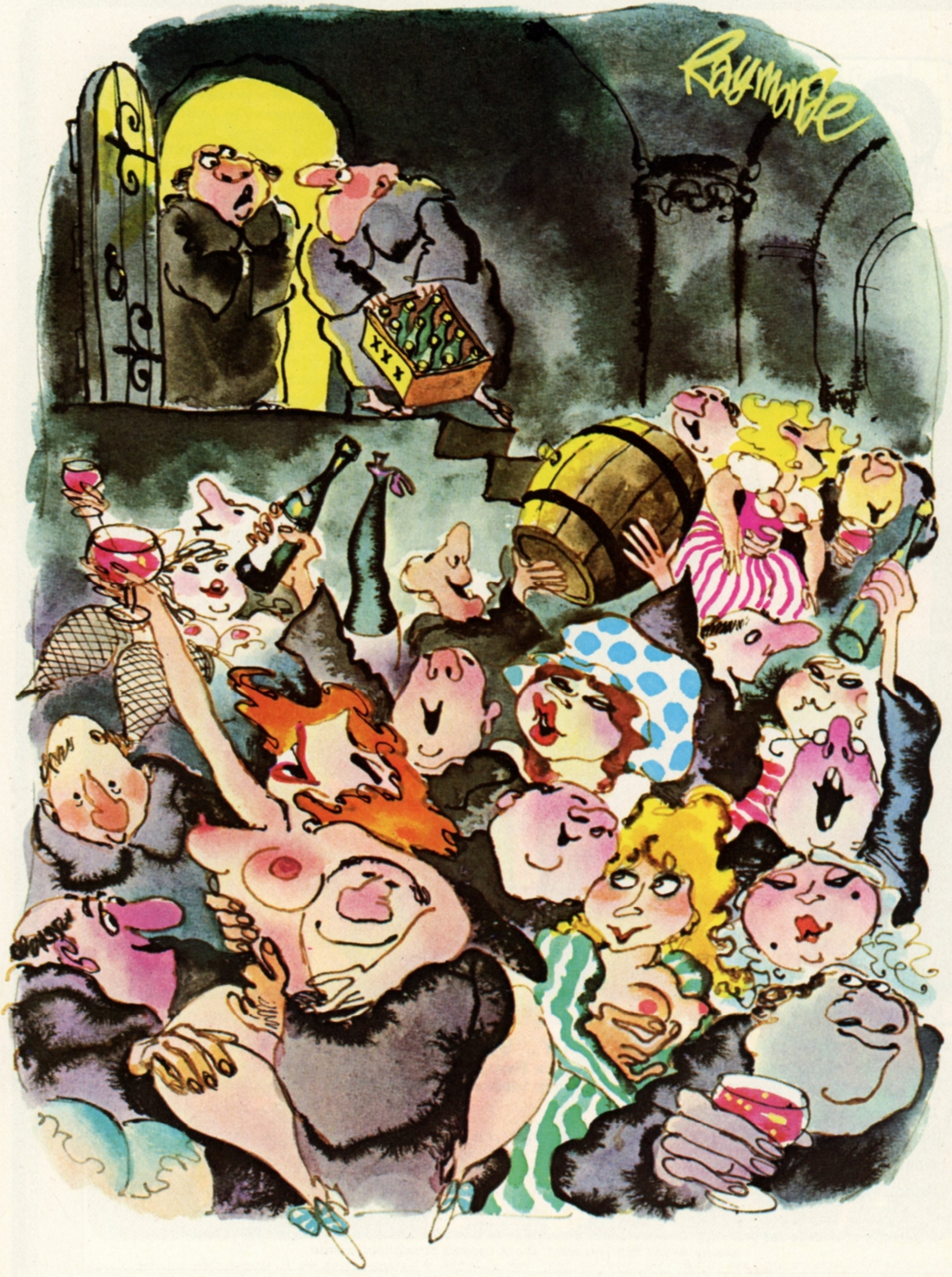
Please send me..............Arrow Hand Movie Viewer(s). I enclose cheque/postal order for..............................

Name..............................................................................(I am over 18)

Address ..............................................................................

.............................................................................. Date.............................. M75

*If you do not wish to cut your magazine, we shall be happy to receive your order on plain paper. Don't forget to specify exactly which film you want. Block capitals throughout, please.*


Raymonde
XXX

'I take it Brother Rabelais is reading the lesson tonight?'

# QUEST

## The laboratory of human response
## Volume Four

For those of us who live in London or the larger cities of Britain it is easy to forget that remoteness imposes its own limitations on sexual opportunities. In a small village there may be few or no eligible men. Yet circumstances and temperament may make it unlikely that a girl will move to a town. So what happens? Do girls in such situations welcome advances from men who ordinarily would not attract them? Do they find sex substitutes? Or do they subrogate their sexual feelings until an eligible man appears. Quest has been talking to girls who live in remote areas. Their stories add new facets to the eternal fascination of man-woman relationships

## INTRODUCTION

Environment moulds us more than we may think. Were the men at Charles II's court more virile than those at the court of Henry VII? Or was it that the environment of the former was sexier than that of the latter? In different parts of Britain today can we find different sexual atmospheres? The answer appears to be yes, since sexual conduct depends on sexual opportunities.

We were interested to know how girls thought and acted who lived in the remoter parts of Britain. We tried to talk to them to find out. At that stage our survey was a failure. Girls still living in these areas either did not feel willing to talk to Quest (had often never heard of our series) or if willing were really only airing their resentment that their sexual vistas were so limited. The results were disappointing and disheartening. But then we got a break. A girl who had lived in a remote area but now lived in a bigger city was more than willing to talk. Perhaps she was making up for lost time. She really wanted to talk about her present emancipated (perhaps even promiscuous) life, but she was also willing to recall her previous existence. From there we found to our benefit that many girls once they have escaped from the more confined life are quite eager to talk. Perhaps it is a Maria Monk syndrome.

The second factor that emerged was even more interesting. We found that several girls, who originated from remote areas, in describing sexual adventures, projected a sense of blatancy and defiance about their conduct. There was in many ways a luridness not present in most interviews. It may be no more than coincidence; we have never claimed that Quest findings are significant statistically. It could, however, be that when the constrained girl at last swings it's gay abandon all the way.

## INTERVIEWS

(*In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.*)

*One* **Receptionist, 25 years old, brunette, town of origin Newcastle upon Tyne**

*This interviewee, a sensual woman with an obviously sexual way of moving, had spent her formative childhood years on her father's remote Northumberland farm. She had come into contact with other young people only when she moved to London. She had been living and working in London for eight years. In her present job she had her own quarters in the hotel where she was one of the receptionists.*

*Quest:* You are very frank in your approach to sex.

*Receptionist:* That's the way it should be. That's the best sex.

*Quest:* You enjoy sex a certain way?

*Receptionist:* We'll get this straight first off. You're interviewing me – and I don't mind – because of what someone told you about me?

*Quest:* Yes.

*Receptionist:* He was staying here and I did something for him?

*Quest:* Yes. He invited you up to his room.

*Receptionist:* A tallish man. Slightly receding dark hair with grey and sort of skew-whiff eyes that laugh at the corners?

*Quest:* I think we're talking about the same man. You remember well.

*Receptionist:* I don't go into everyone's rooms with them. I enjoy sex, no secret, but I'm not as promiscuous as most people seem to think around here. What did he tell you?

*Quest:* He was very honest about it. I don't think he quite believed it. He told us he seduced you. He told us that when he asked you to do something for him you did it with gusto.

*Receptionist:* With my mouth?

*Quest:* Yes. But his surprise was involved in something else.

*Receptionist:* I came right out and said I'd do it to him if he did it to me. Right?

*Quest:* That I think is what surprised him.

*Receptionist:* That I just said, I'll do it to you if you do it to me?

*Quest:* Yes.

*Receptionist:* I enjoyed doing it for him. I particularly enjoy doing that – if we're talking about the same thing – to any man if he's worth doing it to.

*Quest:* I believe we are talking about the same thing.

*Receptionist:* But I like having it done back to me too. That's why I'm frank about sex. It would be like that as far as I'm concerned. It's always been like that with me. Ever since I can remember.

*Quest:* Would that go back as far as your childhood?

*Receptionist:* As far as I can remember.

*Quest:* You led a remote childhood on your father's farm?

*Receptionist:* Father took up farming when I was very young. About three or four. He had some money and he had to get out of Newcastle for his health. He had a bronchitis complaint. That's how I became a country girl. Otherwise I'd have been a city girl.

*Quest:* You were fairly isolated?

*Receptionist:* Miles from anywhere. We were a dozen miles from the nearest village anyway. And that was small.

*Quest:* You lived alone with your parents?

*Receptionist:* A lot of the time with father. Ma walked out and went off with a grain salesman when I was fourteen. The farm was a fair size so Dad had men to help him out. They were mostly old farmers from round about. They'd all help each other. It was a cheaper way of farming than employing hired help. Though Dad did take on some summer labour. I loved the summer months. I used to sit in all the straw in the barn. The sun would come through cracks in the roof and I'd nestle up in the straw listening to all the farm sounds going on around me.

*Quest:* And this led to other things?

*Receptionist:* The summer when I was fifteen. There was a young man working the season on the farm. I was in the barn one evening. He found me in there. I was lying in the straw, not doing anything else.

*Quest:* Did he know you were in there?

*Receptionist:* No. He had a flagon of cider he'd got from somewhere. He was under age. He'd snuck into the barn to drink it. He sat with his back to a bale of straw. I was up in the top above him and I lay there watching him drinking this cider. I started feeling sexy then watching his head tipped back and glugging the cider down. The straw and hay were warm and tickly under my thighs. I was wearing a smock and a pair of knickers. The smock was loose fitting and it was worked up round me above my waist so apart from my knickers I was bare to the straw. I was thirsty too so I called down to the boy to give me a drink. He was shaken. He thought he was alone. He was relieved when he saw it was me. I showed him where to climb up. He came up and plonked down beside me. He offered me the cider. It was warm and very sweet. It was my first alcoholic drink. It made the itch between my thighs grow. I had my legs careless and my smock was still up over my waist so part of my belly showed at the top of my knickers. And my knickers were pulled tight – by the position I was sitting – tight round my fanny. I could see he was eyeing me up. I wondered what he was going to do. I felt it would be something exciting. So I smiled at him and drank some more cider. I passed it across to him and spilt some. It trickled on my thighs. It was such a nice feeling I wanted to spill more on them. The boy reached his hand across before I could wipe it off, and wiped his hand up and down my thigh. The itch was terrible. I lay back a bit in the straw and slid down so that his hand came up with a bump right against my fanny. He didn't need any more encouragement. He wriggled his hand up the inside of my knickers.

*Quest:* You knew what was happening? You wanted him to do it?

*Receptionist:* Of course. I wasn't sure what he was doing but I wanted it doing. I just knew it was a better way to doing what I'd been doing to myself. I put my knees as far apart as I could. I wanted more and more. My head was in the straw watching his fingers under my knickers. He straightened my legs up and pulled my knickers right down, very quickly and left them round my ankles. Then he started working his finger inside me, putting it in and pulling it out. It wasn't painful or anything.

*Quest:* But you were still a virgin at this time?

*Receptionist:* Yes. But he could still get his finger in. I hadn't had anything in there before but I don't think I had a hymen. Bicycle riding and all that. Then he asked me would I do the same for him. And I asked, what? And he said he wanted me to do to him what he was doing to me. I didn't know how, but I said I'd do it if he showed me. He put my hand against his trousers and I could feel him hard. He told me it was called a cock as if I hadn't known what it was until then. He made me unfasten his trousers. They had buttons. It was difficult because he was pressing against them. I undid the top one and then the next and he wasn't wearing anything under. He undid the rest and his thing jumped out very hard. Then he told me to do it to him. I still didn't know what. He was shy about it really. He blustered a bit. In the end he had to put his own hand round it and move it up and down. I know all the words for it now.

*Quest:* Did he bring *you* to orgasm at the same time?

*Receptionist:* No. But it didn't matter. That wasn't important. What I thought was important then was this power I had on men. It came in a flash. I could do this to any man and have him at my mercy, couldn't I?

*Quest:* Was this around the time your mother left your father?

*Receptionist:* Ma had left before that incident. She had been gone six months when Dad bought this woman back. She was going to be the new cook and housemaid. She was only about thirty, younger than Dad. I told Dad I'd leave school and do it for him but he wouldn't hear of it. I didn't mind her at first. She was quite nice. But it seemed Dad had less time for me after she arrived. Not long after she arrived I heard strange noises from Dad's bedroom in the middle of the day. I'd left school at lunch and walked most of the way home. The noises coming from the bedroom were noises like the farmboy made in the barn. I opened the bedroom door very quietly. She was doing to Dad what the boy had asked me to do to him. They didn't have any clothes on. Dad was on his hands and knees with his back to me and she was lying down beside him, one leg hanging over the side of the bed. She wasn't naked. She had on black nylons and a suspender belt holding them up. She was very hairy there. I compared myself. I wasn't very hairy at all. I wondered why she was. I thought it was something to do with the nylons. Dad had his fingers on her hairy bit and her hand was between his legs. She was playing with him. They were kissing so they didn't see me. I crept out and shut the door.

*Quest:* And this led to something else?

*Receptionist:* I thought if she could do it to Dad so could I. I actually thought of Dad and I doing it and I got a pillow and sat astride it after bending it double and imagined us doing it and I came off almost immediately. I decided I didn't like that woman so much. She and Dad were close like that and I was out of it.

*Quest:* You were going to do something about it?

*Receptionist:* Yes. But I didn't know what to do about it.

*Quest:* So you went to the farmboy again?

*Receptionist:* Yes. And caught him at it with Dad's woman. It was about a week later. What I mean is I didn't see anything. He lived in an outhouse. But I saw the woman go in there – Daddy was at the pub about ten miles away with his friends – and when she had been in there some time I walked past and heard these noises that I associated with that thing then.

*Quest:* So you didn't go in?

*Receptionist:* I felt badly let down. I minded the woman doing it with Daddy. That was bad. But doing it with the boy as well was terrible. When Dad came back he had had a few drinks. I was still awake. I was watching the television. He asked me why I wasn't in bed. I said there was something I wanted to watch on the television. He said I shouldn't be up. He wasn't swaying or as drunk as that. His voice wasn't slurred but I could see he was slightly merry. I was sitting cross-legged on the floor in my nightdress. It was cotton like a smock. I said, come and sit by me. I had the hem of the smock up over my knees about halfway up my thighs. My legs were very brown from being in the sun so much. I had the smock open several buttons down from the top so if he looked sideways at me he could see my breasts which were growing quite big by then. He came and sat by me and humoured me. So I jumped up and said I would go and make coffee for us. He started smoking a cigarette. I went to the kitchen. He asked where the girl was. I said I didn't know. I put the water on the boil. Then I ran up to the girl's room. I had an incredible idea. I rifled through her drawer and got out all her underwear. It was all diaphanous stuff. I'd worn some of it before. I used to go in there when there was no-one about and try it all on. Now, I got her suspender belt and some black nylons. I put them on under my smock and went down to the kitchen. I took the coffee into the room where Dad was. He didn't look up from the television. I put the coffee down and stood between him and the television. And I lifted up the hem of my nightdress smock thing. Right up to my waist. I filled out the nylons pretty well. I wasn't wearing panties. He was struck dumb. He didn't say anything. Then he swore. Not nasty, in surprise. I took the smock off. My breasts stuck right out at him. He was silent. He was staring at me. Then he said in a very quiet voice I had better put the smock back on.

*Quest:* This was the first time he had seen you naked or part naked?

*Receptionist:* For many years. I always wore smocks and shapeless things and jeans he never bothered to notice otherwise.

*Quest:* But you had it in mind to seduce him now?

*Receptionist:* No. I wanted his affection more than anything. I wanted his undivided attention.

*Quest:* Love?

*Receptionist:* Love. Not lovemaking. Now I can't separate the two. I don't remember what was at the back of it all then. But I said I didn't want to put the smock back on and wasn't I as pretty as the other girl. And he said yes. I walked very close to him. He was sitting on the settee. I sat down on his knee. Then the girl came in and saw us.

*Quest:* Right at that moment?

*Receptionist:* Yes. Right then. It was very bad. She was a bit of a slut but that didn't stop her having some sort of moral code. She went mad. Mostly at me for wearing her things. And then at Dad as well. Dad went mad. I ran out of the room, crying, ashamed. I tore the underwear things off right there and threw them at her. Then I ran out of the room naked and ran into my bed.

*Quest:* And that's all that happened, was it?

*Receptionist:* That's all I'm going to tell you about.

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*Two* **Civil Servant, 19 years old, blonde, town of origin Padstow, Cornwall**

*This interviewee, a lively irrepressible girl, had spent a large part of her life in and around the town where she was born. Like many other young people she had come to London not for excitement or success but out of a feeling she didn't belong with the people at home and would find her own type in London. She had several O levels and landed a job with a Government department shortly after arriving. We caught her in-between studying for exams to move higher in her department. She shared a flat with one other girl.*

*Quest:* What first brought you up to London?

*Civil Servant:* I've wasted enough time in Cornwall. All right, so I'm not zooming up the ladder of success but at least I'm stagnating with people I can relate with. London attracts my type. I shall settle down in a suburb one day, you see, and it'll be as bad as home. But for the moment I feel I'm in on it all.

*Quest:* The swinging scene?

*Civil Servant:* There isn't one – unless you're loaded. Loaded if you're a man; stacked if you're a woman. I'll just say I'm one up on hicksville. I can go back down there and tell them all what they're missing. Not tell – that would get their backs up – infer.

*Quest:* You enjoy acting the big city girl?

*Civil Servant:* What I enjoy most about it are the train journeys. I love them. Don't you? The train from Paddington takes seven hours to St Austell where I get off. And it's fabulous. Especially at Christmas. The train charges into the West Country and you feel important – charging home like that with everyone waiting to see how you're getting on. I sit in the buffet by a window and watch the countryside go by for hours on end. The faster the train goes the better I like it. I had my first taste of London on a train. An express it was, between Plymouth and St Austell. Sounds like a song. The sound of the train is like a song. Trains are so important huffing

and well, desperate for him. I think I felt damp and weak. He had long sinewy fingers with nice nails. I was head over heels with besotment. Boom, boom, just like that. I couldn't go back to my seat. I got coffee from the buffet. I could feel him watching the backs of my legs. I was physically shaking as I got that plastic thing of coffee. I forgot the sugar. I didn't think about it. I can't stand coffee without sugar. I walked back and just blurted out to the compartment in general: 'Where am I going to sit?' I went red when I said it. No I didn't. I was determined to sit by him. I went faintly pink. I felt brazen and I didn't care.

*Quest:* He took the hint?

*Civil Servant:* He stood up, took the coffee from my hand and waved me into the window seat. He said: 'Sit here.' He had a great voice. Polished and deep. If he walked in this door now . . . the crumb.

*Quest:* You might?

*Civil Servant:* I would. He sat down beside me and went on doing the crossword. It was the *Telegraph*. I hadn't got a single clue all day. He wasn't looking at me or talking. I drank some coffee. It was awful without sugar but I had to swallow it. Pride. So I talked to the boy opposite, the drip who fancied me, who'd been trying all weekend. Meanwhile I was nudging this fabulous bloke's thigh with mine. I was doing that when he put his hand on my thigh. He squeezed ever so gently. I wanted to get him up there. I looked at him. He was smiling at the crossword. His hand was right at the top of my thigh on the inside. He could feel me wet. He passed the crossword across the table to me. He hadn't filled it in at all. He'd written something like: 'Dear sexy chick in the red mini come and share my lonely compartment.' He filled it in in the lines across in red ink. I wanted to. He looked at me, squeezed my thigh and stood up and went out.

*Quest:* When did you follow him, then or later?

*Civil Servant:* As soon as he had gone all the other girls started twittering away like mad. Asking who he was, what he was, wasn't he gorgeous, did he fancy me? All that. I was on cloud nine. I gabbled for about two minutes and then said I was going to the toilet. I went through the buffet the way he had. He was waiting in the corridor of the next carriage, right in the corner. He stood right in front of me, put his hands on my waist and kissed me on the mouth, just lightly. I was limp. We went into his compartment. He had an expensive leather case. The compartment was a first class one, empty. I wanted to kiss him. He didn't put his tongue in my mouth straight away though I was ready for him to. He nibbled my lips and licked them. His fingers were playing round the back of my ear just on the side of my neck. That was fabulous – a very shivery abandoned feeling. Then he put his tongue in my mouth. I was very wanton, feeling very wanton. He trickled his fingers down my ear to my neck and lifted my head back and started kissing my neck. His hand went to my breast. He cupped the left one and squeezed it as he flicked his tongue down inside the V neck into my cleavage.

*Quest:* You were standing or sitting?

*Civil Servant:* We sat down as soon as we got into the compartment.

*Quest:* You hadn't spoken a word together?

*Civil Servant:* The odd one when he invited me to sit down. That was half the spell of it – just his silence.

*Quest:* He was subjecting you to subtleties the local boys hadn't tried?

*Civil Servant:* Yes. Very much so. That's why I was putty in his hands.

*Quest:* You weren't worried?

*Civil Servant:* There was nothing to be worried about.

*Quest:* Please continue.

*Civil Servant:* I had my head back and was moaning. He slid his hand down inside the top of the sweater, inside my bra cup and started rolling my nipple between his fingers. I twisted so that my hand was on the inside of his thigh, running my fingernails up and down the seam of his jeans. He took his hand out and pushed it up inside my sweater from the waist. He used both hands. He pushed my bra up off my breasts so that it was round my shoulders under the sweater. Then he lifted the sweater up until he could see my breasts. I had my head back with my eyes closed and he had moved his thigh so that my hand was resting on the bulge of his jeans. He was looking at my breasts. They're quite big and they stay upright by themselves – they have a wide sort of base so they stand straight out. I think my breasts aren't bad. My nipples have very big aureolas round the tips of the nipples and they swell too and cover almost all the ends of my breasts. He told me later they turned him on more than anything else. Suddenly he whipped my sweater back into place. I opened my eyes. Surprised. I saw a figure go past in the corridor. He smiled. He said why didn't we take a walk in the corridor. The train was slowing down. Coming to a station. I was surprised and somewhat disappointed but I just said yes. We held hands in the corridor. We went to the end door of the carriage – there was no-one there. The train was slowing into Liskeard. He pulled the window down and looked out. The rush blew his hair all over his face. He pulled his head back laughing. He pulled me to the window beside him and put his hand back up inside my sweater and onto my breast. I hadn't had time to readjust my bra. Then he put his other hand round my other breast so he was cupping them both, running his fingers over the nipples. He pulled me back against him so I could feel his bulge very hard and moving a bit against my bottom. I leaned back and stretched my head up and put my arms up behind me to his face. We kissed like that, my breasts riding very high and hard and he ran his hands up and down from my tummy to my bosom. The train was going very slowly and I saw the end of the platform going past. I took my hands back and pulled the window right down and leant out as we pulled into the station. It was very quiet. Just a few people getting on and a porter. None of them were making for our door and Graham just kept his hands working my breasts. It was a fabulous feeling. He was pressed tightly against my bottom and thighs. Then he took one of his hands away and I felt it on the top of my thigh. My legs were apart but I parted them further. I felt his hand move round to my bottom. Then he tugged the leg of my panties aside and his thumb was slowly going back and forwards across my lips. I felt it slide in. The porter came past again and looked at my face and Graham who was looking out the window too, on top of me while he was doing this. Just being in that position with people about made me want to come. The porter gave me an odd look as though he guessed. The train jolted and started to move. And Graham stopped. I wanted him to finish me there and then.

*Quest:* But he wouldn't?

*Civil Servant:* No, he pulled his thumb out – I think he wiped it on the back of my panties – but I was past caring – I just wanted to be finished off. In fact I moaned at him to finish me off. But he didn't. He turned me round, closed the window and caught hold of my hand and led me round the corner. He opened the toilet door and we went in. He locked the door and for a moment we faced each other. He took both my hands in his and put them on the ends of the laces on his jeans. I just watched him as I pulled at them. My hands were shaking. I pulled the laces apart and his trousers wide apart at the top and his thing leapt out. But he didn't let me go down, he pulled me towards him and lifted my mini up round my hips. I still had hold of him there. I was squeezing and rubbing him. He pulled my hands away as though he was frightened he was coming. The train was going fast and swaying. I caught hold of the sink to steady myself. He took my hands and slipped them inside the tops of my own knickers. He said I should take them off. I pulled them down. I had to bend to do it. As I was slipping them down my ankles and bending side on to him, he joined his hands together under my crotch.

*Quest:* You found that unusual? Being asked to take down your own panties?

*Civil Servant:* Yes. I thought men liked to take them down themselves. But this one didn't. He put one hand on my fanny and the other into the crease of my bottom. I just sagged in his hands and arms and moaned.

*Quest:* Did you reach orgasm this way?

*Civil Servant:* No. I'd let go of my panties. They had fallen to the floor round my feet. I was just sagging against him wanting to come. He suddenly stopped again. So I grabbed at his thing to make him continue. He told me to be more gentle, I was hurting him. I tickled it. He told me to stop that. So I just held it and squeezed it a little. Then he took his hands away and pushed me back against the sink. I leant backwards on it with my head back and my skirt round my waist. I was still in my high heeled shoes. I let my head fall back hoping and praying he was going to enter me. The sink wasn't cold because my skirt was between it and me. I was sort of arched back over it.

*Three* **Student, 20 years old, black haired, town of origin Leeds**

*This interviewee, a highly intelligent but reserved girl, had gained top honours at school and gone straight to university where she was completing her third and final year for a first class honours degree in Zoology. Her particular study was based on seabirds. She had spent three months alone on an island bird sanctuary off the west coast to collect material for her thesis.*

*Quest:* This is very interesting. You spent three months on an island.

*Student:* Yes.

*Quest:* Correct me if I'm wrong, but you were cut off from human life completely?

*Student:* No. I wasn't cut off. In fact there were other people around me but I had little to do with them.

*Quest:* Can you elaborate on that? Can you give us a setting?

*Student:* I am unsure of what you're leading up to. My sex life has been very ordinary. Not dull but ordinary.

*Quest:* For the moment we're interested in how you lived on this island for three months.

*Student:* If that interests you, I'll tell you. I wasn't alone. The island in question is widely visited – largely by day-trippers. There is a launch which brings people to the island in the morning and takes them to the mainland at night. This launch also brought my supplies when I needed them.

*Quest:* But you spent your nights on the island, alone?

*Student:* Yes. There is a warden's house. I lived in a hut.

*Quest:* But you kept yourself completely to yourself?

*Student:* More or less. It's difficult to define what degree of insularity I attained. If other people were there I might have passed the time of day with them. It was a small island but there were rarely more than twenty visitors any single day. And I was working in remoter areas of the island so I rarely came across them. By the time I returned to the hut the boat had left for the day and the people with it. I had a lot of research to do. So I did not deliberately mix with other people.

I went out early in the morning and returned in the evening. At night I had a gas lamp and I wrote up my notes. I didn't get to know any of the people – they were there a few hours and then gone.

*Quest:* And your stay was completely uneventful?

*Student:* I'm not sure I gather your drift.

*Quest:* You had no other interests and you kept yourself free from people for an entire three months?

*Student:* Yes. I was there to work. Not admire the sunsets. I mean, I did admire them and I did find time to luxuriate in the freedom and beauty of the place but my work was of primary importance.

*Quest:* You mean you had no real human contact? You felt no need for closer contact?

*Student:* I had a lot to do. My whole degree rested on my work there.

*Quest:* I understand that. But did you never feel lonely? Didn't you feel too cut off?

*Student:* I didn't have time to think about things like that.

*Quest:* You strike me as a very unusual girl in that you felt no need for anything more.

*Student:* Are you trying to say I'm odd?

*Quest:* I'm not trying to say anything. You're very attractive. You don't strike me as the hermit type. I wouldn't have put you down as a swot.

*Student:* So I'm a swot now am I? I suppose you think all girls have got to have sexual release at periodic intervals to stay normal. I suppose you're going to psychoanalyse me . . .

*Quest:* No. Not in the least. I'm going to do nothing of the sort. I'd just be interested to know if you did discard sex altogether or if not, how you coped without letting it interfere with your work.

*Student:* I suppose you're right. I did have sexy thoughts. Not all the time. Just now and then.

*Quest:* But this led to nothing else?

*Student:* Not directly. I wasn't thinking like that. It was just one night. No more, no less. It was by chance or it seemed so at the time. Afterwards, I often wondered whether it was premeditated. I think it must have been.

*Quest:* I think you've left something out. Did someone seduce you or was it something else?

*Student:* Oh, it wasn't a seduction. Not as defined. It was nothing as brutal as that. It was more just a coming together. Does that sound like a double-entendre? It's not supposed to.

*Quest:* No, it doesn't. I understand you met someone and sex followed as a natural extension of knowing him.

*Student:* No struggle, no hang-ups, no seduction. If he put any effort into deliberately setting himself up to seduce me it didn't show. He was either an expert or innocently unexpecting. I'd known him a few hours and it seemed the most natural thing to sleep with him.

*Quest:* Would you rate your own part in this as innocent rather than deliberate?

*Student:* I look innocent don't I? I often get told that. Not babyish but as though I would not be interested in physical sides. I don't think my breasts are big enough. I'm very boyish. My bottom's small.

*Quest:* We could not begin to count the number of men who like small bottoms. Your breasts are fine – perhaps it's the clothes you wear.

*Student:* You mean sloppy sweaters and things?

*Quest:* Were you wearing a sloppy sweater on the island?

*Student:* Not when I met him. We were in the grip of a heatwave. I wore a short-sleeved blouse and jeans.

*Quest:* A bra?

*Student:* No. My breasts don't need it. They're not heavy. I don't ache like many girls do if they go without a bra.

*Quest:* Can you tell us about the man you met?

*Student:* He was a student too. Studying art, working on the boat that brings the visitors each day during his vac. I had noticed him before when I'd been on the beach side of the island. I did look at him through my binoculars once. He was very nice looking. The boat moored for lunch in the bay of the island. I saw him through the binoculars when he was swimming. At first I didn't realise it was him. I just saw a flash of brown in the water and trained my binoculars on it. I admit when I realised it was the young man from the boat I kept my binoculars on him. He was a super swimmer, very co-ordinated, beautiful in the water. I watched him climb onto the boat. He wore very titchy trunks. I was looking through the binoculars. He was all brown except for the trunks which were yellow. He wasn't muscular, but brown and lithe. I don't like too muscular men. I must have been frustrated mustn't I? I kept the binoculars on him until he had climbed down into the boat. Was that frustrated? It didn't seem so at the time, though I felt warm after watching him. The seabirds weren't the same for the rest of the day. But I soon got over it.

*Quest:* But you did meet him?

*Student:* Two or three weeks later. I was running low on stocks of food so I made out a list and took it down to the boat. He took it from me. He was brown and warm and very nice. I liked him instantly. We arranged he would bring them across. He and the boatman would unload the provisions onto the beach and I could pick them up when I liked. I had meant to go down and collect them the following afternoon but I became involved with something in my study and forgot. I returned to the hut around five in the evening and there he was lying on his back on the grass, fast asleep. The last boat left at four. There were boxes scattered all around him. He was only wearing jeans. He didn't have anything on his top. His jeans were salt faded and tight on him. I was fascinated looking down at him. He was dusty and I wanted for some reason to run my fingers over the dust on his skin and touch the thin line of black hair that came up from the top of his jeans to his navel.

*Quest:* But you didn't?

*Student:* No, I nudged him awake instead. I felt very grateful towards him. I would have had to have made at least four journeys and he'd done it in one. I asked him if he'd missed his boat back and he looked at his watch, smiled and lay back again and said, yes, he had, but he didn't mind sleeping out in the open.

*Quest:* Did it occur to you to wonder why he had brought the provisions up to your hut?

*Student:* Funnily enough, no. I presumed he had brought them as a kindness, become tired at the journey and fallen into a doze while he was resting.

*Quest:* You were perhaps happy to have someone there after being alone?

*Student:* I did feel happy. I realised it would be good for me to talk to someone. I found many things I wanted to say. Silly things. He was a good listener. I talked about the seabirds and asked him what he was doing and what his job was like. The conversation led to other things and soon we were talking about nature and creation and God. I like vast subjects. One can speculate so much and form one's own ideas. It began to get dark and I jumped up and said I would cook a meal. He suggested we have a camp fire in the open and cook things on that. It would be fun. I thought so too. It was an exciting idea.

*Quest:* It was exciting to build a fire in the open or exciting to be with this young man at night in the open?

*Student:* Primitive really. It was primitively exciting to be two of us with a fire cooking our food over it. The sun was setting and it was beginning to go dark quickly. He collected some small pieces of wood and some larger pieces together and lit them. And there it was – our camp fire. I got together some sausages and potatoes and we fried the sausages and baked the potatoes on the fire. We were both sitting close together. I kept touching his bare skin with my arms taking food off the fire. It was exciting. I didn't mind at all him taking my blouse off. I was surprised myself.

*Quest:* You've charged ahead too rapidly for me. Why did he take your blouse off?

*Student:* I don't find it easy to talk about the, what you might call, sexy bits. Can't I just say he took my blouse off?

*Quest:* It would be more useful if you could tell me why he took your blouse off and why you let him.

*Student:* It was the primitive feeling in us. We were completely cut off from the outside world. We had our own island to run free in. That's what he kept saying. He was right.

*Quest:* And the warden?

*Student:* Yes. I must have really wanted to or I'd have raised him as a big objection straight away. Perhaps it was the bottles of wine.

*Quest:* You're jumping again.

*Student:* He'd bought two bottles of wine with him.

*Quest:* And you thought nothing of it?

*Student:* He said he always carried wine with him. It expanded his mind. Much more than hashish or any other things.

*Quest:* You've smoked hashish?

*Student:* No. I never touch drugs of any kind. I don't even smoke cigarettes. Anyway I'd had some of the wine. I didn't for one minute consider he wanted to get me merry though. Not at all. That would be an unfair accusation.

*Quest:* Fair enough.

*Student:* He said we had our own island with no living human for miles, surrounded by sea, and we need bow to no convention. And the more I thought about it the more I saw he was right. Then he talked about the wildlife and asked me if I knew their freedom. I didn't quite understand. He explained that I was studying their life and their natural freedom but did I know what freedom was for myself. I said I still didn't understand. So he told me to take off my blouse. He ignored my questions and told me to do it and he would prove something to me.

*Quest:* But he took your blouse off?

*Student:* Yes. I dithered. He told me to lie down and look at the stars. He was poetic about it though. He told me to count them. I was worried about taking off my blouse so I lay back and looked at the stars. Then I felt his hands on my front.

*Quest:* On your breasts?

*Student:* Between them. Like small animals' paws. I didn't stop him. I knew he was unbuttoning the blouse. I wasn't cold. It was a very still warm night. Then he told me to sit up. I sat up and I felt the warmth of the wood fire on my breasts and my tummy. He pulled my blouse off my arms and put it on the grass. He said that now we could be free. But we should also be free of all social restrictions. He was standing with his hand on my head. He kept filling up my mug with wine. My primitive no-handle cracked mug. He took his trousers off. I didn't watch at first. But he didn't have underthings on and I couldn't help but look. He wasn't hard. He was soft, hanging down, quite hairy. Because he wasn't hard I felt more secure than I might otherwise have done.

*Quest:* You felt uncompromised.

*Student:* Yes. In a way. He hadn't pushed anything. He sat down on the grass beside me, naked and put his arm round me. He took my hand and put it on him there. He didn't go harder. He said, look, he wasn't being sexual, he was being free. Oh dear, this really does sound silly. As though I'm an idiot. You have to take into account the time and place and the atmosphere of being on your own little island not having to do anything but wanting to do everything.

*Quest:* You wanted to do more?

*Student:* I did want to. Yes. The wine? The wine. The more I think about it, the less, I truly realise, the wine had to do with it.

*Quest:* Go on.

*Student:* He wanted me to take my jeans off but I wouldn't. I would have let him take them off. But I still had some notions left. He wouldn't take them off. He said I had to. It had to be voluntary. He stood up and pulled me up to him. He said we were going to explore our world. We started walking across the grass onto one of the pathways, him naked and me with just my jeans. I could feel my breasts jogging. It did feel good. The sky was bright and all the island had a luminous glow. The only sound was of the odd seabirds and the sea on the rocks very hushed. I remember we started running. We were crashing through grass and heather in bare feet. Then grass then more heather. We were running about laughing and yelling and throwing our arms about. I had to take my jeans off. I stumbled around taking them off. I wanted to take them off. I wanted – is it childish – to rub my body all over the grass and heather. I wanted to cover myself with soil and nature. I wanted to feel the prickly gorse on my bottom. I was very, er . . . hot. Randy.

*Quest:* Go on.

*Student:* It sounds a wild bacchanalia doesn't it. It was in a way. I shouted to him. He was yards away jumping around. I shouted, I've taken them off. I ran up to him waving them over my head and told him to look and touch. I wanted him to touch me. I wanted him to grab at me and be hard and take me. I wanted to grind my pubic hair at him. I started doing a bump and grind. He said meaningless words. Crazy baby. His voice was hoarse. He watched me jerking my hips back and forward. He went to his knees, put his arms round the back of my thighs and started licking me from my thighs up to my breasts. I felt spasms kicking at me and I just toppled over backwards pulling him with me. I felt him very very hard right against my thighs. I was right back in the grass – it almost covered me. He got in very easily. I'd not taken the initiative in sex before. But this time I found I was wanting to push myself at him. I wanted it very quickly. He wanted it slowly. So I kicked up and we rolled over in the grass and he didn't come out. Then I sat astride him and jerked up and down. Bacchanalia. I was in a frenzy. I came before he did and I sagged back. Then he rolled us over again and it was the first time I ever had more than one orgasm. I was limp. He drove into me harder and harder and I started threshing about again and had another one. I had a third too by the time he had his. The ground was soft and cool on my back. Then we just lay looking up at the stars for ages until he said we ought to get back. I was so happy. But I was getting cold. When we got back my teeth were chattering. We warmed up in my sleeping bag in the hut. It was a tight squeeze.

*Quest:* Did you see him again?

*Student:* Several times. But we both knew it couldn't happen like that again. It couldn't have, could it? It was the spontaneity of it.

*Quest:* You never know until you try.

*Student:* No. I think it would have been forced. A second time. I'd need a different stimulus to react a second time I think. We'd both be thinking about the other time. We were jolly good friends though. He kissed me goodbye.

*Quest:* Thank you.

## SURVEY SUMMARY

The interviews in this survey have some intriguing and unusual aspects. In interview one the remoteness of the farm where the girl lived had undoubtedly undermined her ability to look outward for her sexual partners. Instead, she was driven towards her father. Fortunately, he had the sense not to encourage her. However, it is a clear indication of how incestuous relationships begin, and more importantly, once they have begun how a girl can easily convince herself that such relationships are normal.

In interview two, it is less clear whether the remote environment was the chief cause of the sex act on the train. What is clear, however, is that the limited opportunities of the girl's environment made her resentful and determined to break away. Certainly, the boy she described seemed an archetypal seducer and lost no time in exploiting the fairly obvious sexual signals the girl must have been giving out. Worth noting, too, that this girl, looking for sexual adventure, nevertheless was willing to scorn the advances of a 'nice type' boy. It may be that even when facing starvation, a girl can still be choosey with the menu.

In interview three the girl at first seemed an unlikely type for a Quest interview. She was, however, extremely sensitive and apparently had a real feeling for nature at its simplest and grandest in sea, sky and winds. Whether the boy realised this and knowingly exploited it we shall never know. It could be that he recognised in her a kindred spirit and the situation escalated into a madly animal scene. Certainly, remoteness plays a part here. No one could imagine this girl behaving thus on Hampstead Heath or Nottingham Forest.

There was, we thought, in these three interviews a common thread, almost of abandon that seemed to have a connection with the absence of civilisation. Perhaps that is a point worth remembering to men who encounter women in remote places.

# GROW YOUR OWN LOTUS

*continued from page 58*

the windscreen wiper blades and other smaller accessories could be obtained from discount stores, where discounts of up to 33 per cent could be had. But it all took time and in the midst of it all, Fords went on a six week strike that cut supplies of spare parts to a mere dribble. There were times when I almost felt like buying from abroad in my frustration.

Then there were all kinds of additional equipment that was necessary which I had taken no account of originally. Windscreen washers (electrically operated, of course), a time clock for the facia, ventilator modules for the facia panel, vacuum pipes replacing those damaged in the accident, electric fans, and a holder to attach to the radiator, nose and tail Lotus badges – the list was endless. And in many cases the acquisition of one part required the buying of three or more other parts that were not immediately apparent, but which, with a fibre glass body, were absolutely essential.

For instance, the boot lid lock requires a handle, a cable, a cup, a spring, a boot lock and a mounting plate, the windscreen requires a glass, 2 screen corners, and a clip, 2 screen rubbers and 2 chrome frames! The headlight pods require a spring, a vacuum cylinder and a mounting plate. All these parts which had not been calculated before increased the cost by about £150, for genuine Lotus parts are not cheap and are hardly ever on the second-hand market.

Nevertheless, through December and January parts were laboriously acquired and assembled. Towards the end of January, after a six week wait for a new facia panel and crash pad, occasioned by the Ford strike and by Lotus changing their own suppliers and not having any units spare off the assembly line, the car was ready for the electrical assembly.

In the Workbook there are three wiring charts that apply to Lotus models. I selected the one that applied to the engine number of the car and set to work to decipher the multitudes of lines and junctions that make up the interior of an electrical loom. Fortunately the wiring was 99 per cent there.

I thought the job would be within my capacities if I followed the chart. I was soon proved wrong.

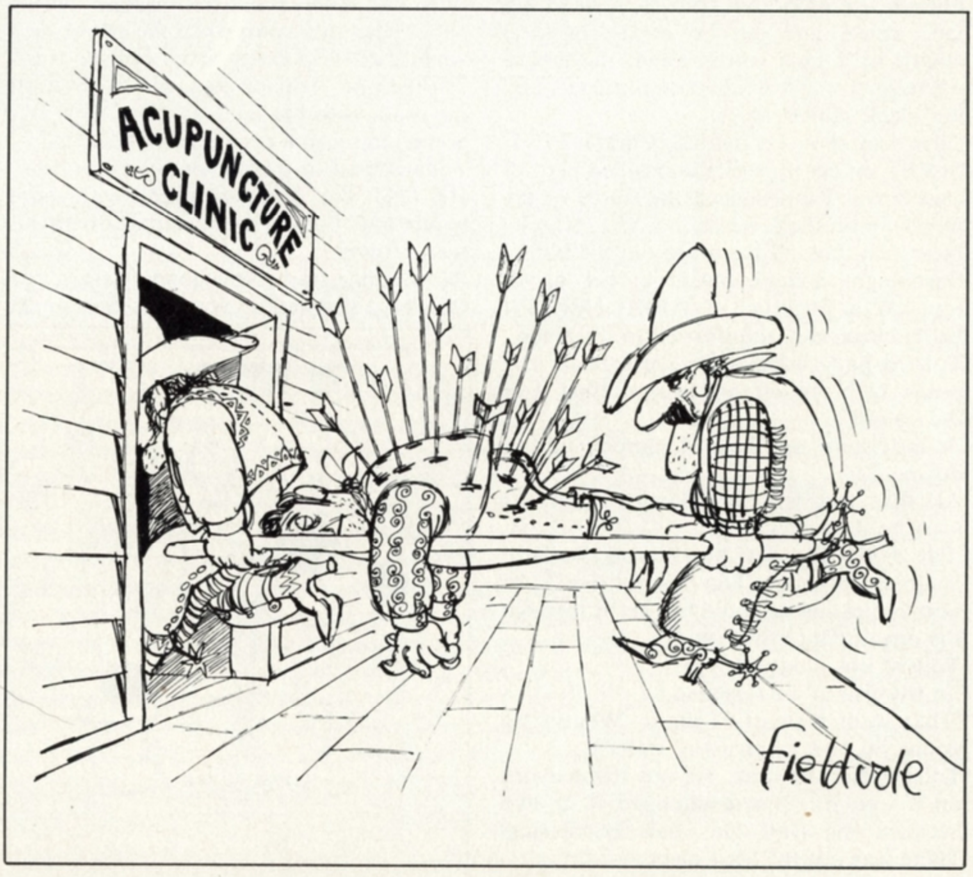
It seemed to my inexperienced and hyper-amateur eye that the chart bore no relation at all to either the location of connections or the colour of the wires. I asked Tony for advice and the expert had a look. He pronounced that whilst he could do it for me, it would take a long time and the best thing was to take it to a Lotus dealer and pay them to connect the electricals. I went to my Lotus distributor and was told that they never touched electricals on Lotuses but sub-contracted to an electrical expert nearby. I rang and he told me to bring the car over. Three days later a telephone call summoned me to collect the wired car and drive it away. 'Did you find the wiring diagram useful?' I asked when I saw him next. 'No', he replied 'they're no use anyway. Lotus change their colours every other day so that you just learn by experience and trial and error which wires to connect where'.

Nevertheless the car was now almost ready for the road, and with the arrival of the re-upholstered seats, remade beautifully at half the original cost by a local man, the car was ready to be taken over to the Lotus dealer for registration plates and final testing. This last was a tricky problem. The original car had an 'H' registration, but if I was to make a profit on the car when I sold it the rebuild would have to have the latest registration number. I rang the licensing authorities and they sent down an inspector. Over tea we chatted the problem over. With only the engine, the wiring and a few other parts like soundproofing remaining from the original car, and bills to prove the new parts, the inspector seemed confident that I would acquire the latest registration. So it proved. With the plates and the final test completed, so that a Lotus dealer was satisfied with all the main functions of the car, steering, brakes, suspension and engine, the car was ready for the road.

We are assured that all new cars that come off the assembly line are tested and retested before they get to the dealers and the customer. We also know that all new models go through a period of teething troubles. It was so with my Lotus. For a period of two months during which I was running the car, I was plagued by teething troubles. On the first day I took the car to work, I was two hours late, due to a short from the ignition and a fuse that consistently blew for about an hour. Then the plugs kept oiling up and there were scares of a valve having gone. The exhaust gaskets blew on a run down the M1 and the car proceeded with a loud phut-phut noise that hardly did justice to its name. The engine revs consistently cut out about 4,500 necessitating a new Lucas sports coil, one that is not fitted standard on the car. The light relays played about causing shorts everywhere, and causing the headlights to fail at various times when you needed them. The list seems long, but by April the car was motoring as a Lotus should and is continuing to. I am now the owner of my dream car – a Lotus 2 'S'. And I know that if anything goes wrong – I am to blame.

The list price of the Lotus 2 'S' is now £2,659. The cost to me has been £1,400. I hope that when I sell it in about a year's time, I will get £1,800 for the car so that for the first time in my car owning life a vehicle will have appreciated whilst I owned it. I have also had the enormous satisfaction of creating something that is very beautiful with my own hands, though there were important times when both Tony and June helped me more than I could myself.

What you really need to start a project like this is – time (I estimate that the building has taken about 300 hours), an understanding wife, who is an expert in handling practical problems, a mechanical genius nearby to whom to repair when in impossible dilemmas, an available money supply, about a gallon of Swarfega, and a temperament that allows you to walk through the period of rebuilding with broken finger nails, greased stained skin, bruised feet and hands, a nervous system constantly being challenged by the inefficiencies of factories and suppliers, without losing faith in the project. If you have all these things, then go ahead and build your own dream car.



# HAMS

*continued from page 27*

coated Southwesterner. The raincoat was long and almost dragged the ground.

Tollard had one short leg which caused him to walk Funny.

'Oh, Tollard! Tollard!' called Venus.

He was near Venus' house, baiting his snake traps. He trapped feeder snakes, rough trash not worth Showing, and sold them to a man in Orlando who supplied the big city zoos. Tollard got so much a hundred and the zoos used them as food for the big, flashy, show snakes who Feed upon their own kind, on Display.

After a while, he came loping up from the woods, dragging a burlap sack that was squirming. Tollard was Strong and scared of no snake on Earth.

He saw the dead man, threw down his sack and started dancing around in a circle, clapping and singing Happy.

Tollard always wore the raincoat except about once a week when he Went naked, but that never lasted long, a half hour at the most.

He hated the dead man, ever since the time he had caught Tollard going naked near the house and had Beat him and threatened to kill him.

Tollard was happy to see him dead.

'He's dead, Tollard, an' I'm fixin' t'go inta town. You do somethin' With him, get him outta th' way, where they won't nobody find him, an' I'll take you in with me. An' buy you a Sno-Kone.'

'Haw haw he he haw haw he he' said Tollard, indicating he would.

Venus hurried In to get ready for town.

She drew a bath and Took it, washed her face, dried, and put on a pair of knee length light blue cotton pedal pushers, a white shirt-waist, white cotton anklets and her black canvas shoes.

Then she spread Countess Carla's PINK SLEET on her upper lip and rolled her lips together and reproduced the shape of the upper lip on the lower.

Next, she took all the money in the house, thirty-eight dollars, put it in her purse, touched a fingertip of APRIL MIRTH behind each ear, and hurried to the truck.

Tollard had chopped Beasley's body into pieces with the axe and was stuffing it in the cistern.

'In the cistern' said Tollard, jumping up and down.

All that was left was Beasley from the waist to the knees.

'Fat butt! Big fat butt!' said Tollard, laughing happily. 'Too big fat butt!' he said, indicating he could not get It through the opening into the cistern.

Tollard was giddy with joy.

'In the cistern' he repeated.

'That wadn't smart, Tollard. Whatta we gonna do now for drinkin' water?'

Tollard did not hear. He put the remains on a tree stump and chopped it in two between the legs. He knew butchering. There was not the least mess.

'Just like two hams' he said, looking at Beasley's hips as they lay on the ground. 'Two hams. Just like offa hog! Looks just like hog hams!' He picked them up and started toward the cistern.

'Wait a minute' said Venus. 'Just wait, now. It'd be nice if he could rest alongside his people. He was no count but that don't mean he shouldn't lay by his people 'til th' Judgement Day. He'd want it that way, to lay down beside his people, his momma an' daddy, 'til Eternity.'

''ternity' agreed Tollard.

'We gotta bury him, Tollard. What's left, that is. In the cemetery alongside his people.'

'Cemetery' repeated Tollard and he whirled around and around and held his arms out from his body like airplane wings.

'We'll have t'do it. You n'I, Tollard. We gotta take him t'New Beulahland Cemetery. It's on the way In. Just off th' highway.'

Venus found some back issues of the OKEECHOBEE BAPTIST REFLECTOR and an old plastic table cloth and Tollard wrapped the remains in them and put them in a burlap sack he used for snakes.

He threw the bundle on top of the watermelons in the bed of the pick-up and Venus brought a shovel from the dump.

'You bury him an' if you do it real good, I'll buy you two Sno-Kones an' send you to th' picture show.'

Tollard danced in a circle.

'You can drive th' truck, cain't you, Tollard?'

He got the engine started and they chugged down the sand road to the highway.

Tollard had driven Some and he could keep the truck in the road but he had Trouble with the engine. It ran all right until he had to stop or slow down, then it died and it was One hard time getting it started.

They had made about twenty miles on the paved road into town when the engine died while they were doing sixty and the truck coasted until Tollard managed to get it off the road, onto the side.

Something in the engine had Sheared.

Tollard tried to start it for nearly an hour. He held the steering wheel with both hands and bucked back and forth in his seat, Urging it.

'Now gonna start. Now gonna start.'

'Maybe it's somethin' you could See, under the hood, Tollard. Do you Know about trucks?'

'Know about trucks' he laughed and laughed. 'Know about trucks.'

He could not find the place to unlock the hood until Venus got out and helped him Look.

'Need a hammer' said Tollard. 'Need a big hammer' he said and laughed until there were tears in his eyes. There were tools under the seat.

Venus went over to sit in the shade while Tollard fixed the engine.

Twice during the day, cars stopped and asked if they could help.

'Thanks, but my husband's gone In for parts' said Venus.

By sundown, Tollard had most of the engine lying on the ground around him and he had hammered the pieces until they were flattened or broken.

'Too dark to fix' he said, dancing in a circle in his now greasy raincoat. 'Fix tomorrow.'

He took a watermelon off the truck, threw it to the pavement, broke it open, forced his hand into the pink flesh and ripped out the heart and ate it.

Then he went off into the woods, to sleep.

Venus sat up, listening to the night creatures, getting bit by chiggers and Scared by what she had done.

She knew she had killed Beasley, but surely nobody would care, Beasley being what he was. But, still, she was Scared.

Came morning, Tollard appeared and started in again, working on the engine.

'Tollard, I gotta get that package buried. I just Got to! I got to see that he rests alongside his people, or th' Lord'll punish Me. I'm gettin' nervous about it. You caint's get that thaing fixed, can you?'

'Fix. Fix, fix, fix. Fix, fix, fix.'

Venus started to have trouble breathing.

A stubby new car stopped on the road behind them and a young lady got out.

'Is that you, Tollard?' she asked, walking up to the truck.

It was Miss Pretty, Tollard's welfare worker.

She was fresh in love. She and two other young ladies in career social work, all timid and scared of life, were smitten with the man sent in to Run the spinach place.

They had obtained his Social Security number, written it on a scented card and were Passing it among themselves.

'I had no idea you were interested in Auto Mechanics, Tollard' said Miss Pretty. 'Now, I'll have to Refer you for training.'

Tollard crawled down from the truck and smiled like a Silly when he saw Miss Pretty. His hand went underneath his raincoat and he started to Fondle himself, the while swaying from side to side and grinning.

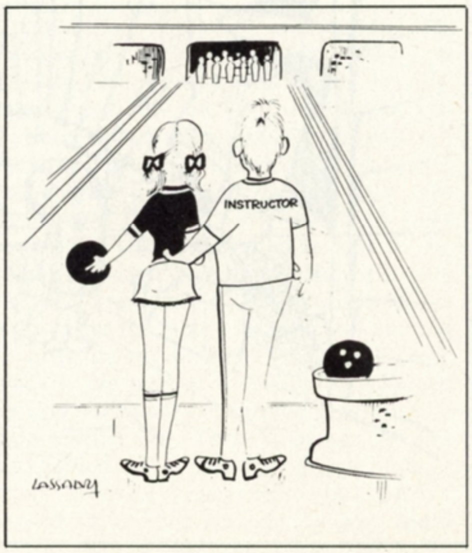
'How are your glasses doing, Tollard? If they need adjusting, we can schedule another appointment with the eye . . .'

It was Over with Miss Pretty, for Venus had slipped up behind her and crushed her skull with a Craftsman Socket Wrench.

Miss Pretty fell down dead and, quickly, Venus dragged her off the road.

Tollard followed, screaming and sobbing.

*turn to page 80*



# – and the Shadow that leads to sunshine

### So after the crash, old man Rolls keeps on rolling along / Motoring by WB

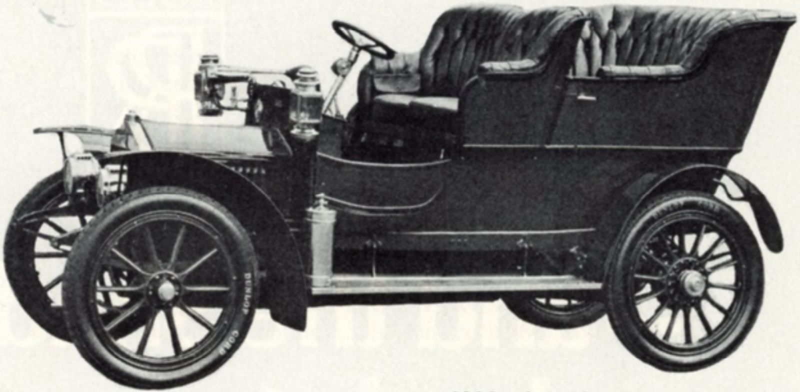
*Above: the gold-digging Silver Shadow. Despite the £10,000 price-tag, sales since the collapse of the company have never been so high*

Dark days indeed for Britain when Rolls-Royce crashed financially. Bright news, however, was to follow. The Rolls-Royce car division, re-formed into a separate entity, has sold more cars than ever, production of the Silver Shadow never having been so high. It is a significant lesson that money matters and big business have no valid connection with top class engineering.

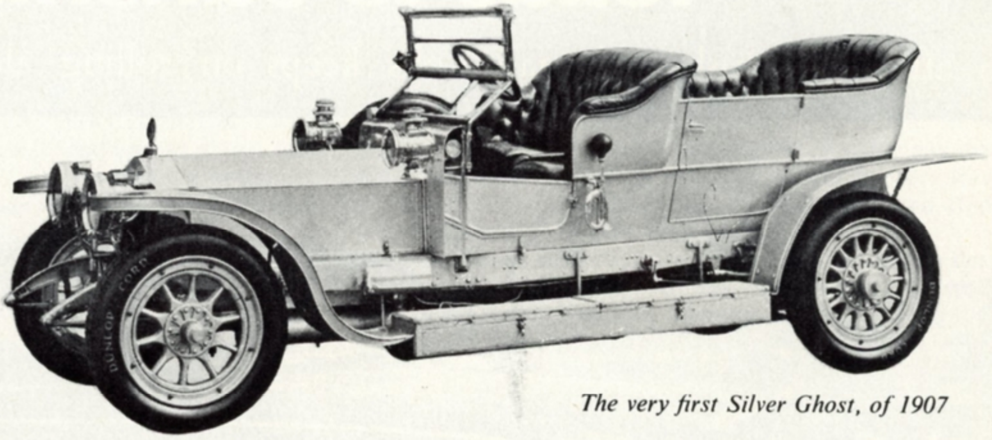
Argue as you will, the Rolls-Royce has for 65 years lived up to its self-styled title of Best Car in the world.

The fact remains that the R-R can't be toppled. In the eyes of the Western and Eastern Worlds it is the motor-car *par excellence,* the finest there is, a car without rival. It sells – even though it out-prices such as Ferrari, Maserati and Lamborghini and makes Jaguars seem two-a-penny. (Ferrari Dino: £5,471; Maserati Indy; £8,502; Lambo Muira: £9,578: Rolls-Royce Silver Shadow, in least expensive form: £9,877.) A Silver Shadow represents honest British workmanship, the last stronghold of craftsmanship. It is also the only motor-car that has never changed the basic shape of its classic radiator shell, has never had to submit to cheap and nasty advertising, or since Edwardian times to racing or competition to maintain its position.

It all happened, of course, when the lively third son of Lord Llangattock, the Hon Charles Stewart Rolls, was persuaded to meet Henry Royce, commoner, mechanic, perfectionist, who had turned from making impeccable electrical equipment in his Manchester factory to trying his hand at a first-class small motor-car. The two-cylinder 10 hp car he evolved was reliable and comparatively quiet and smooth-running, where other autocars of the time – 1905 – were undependable, noisy and harsh. Encouraged, Royce, the painstaking artisan, went on to build bigger and ever-better motor cars. But it was the little twin-cylinder machine, not even distinguished by the later Grecian radiator profile, which racing driver and balloonist Charlie Rolls was persuaded to try. Recognising its merit he formed a partnership with Royce and the Rolls-Royce motor car came into being. It is a remarkable story, for these two greats of pioneer motoring were as diametrically opposed as could be imagined. Rolls the adventurer, served



*1905: the 10hp, two-cylinder Rolls*



*The very first Silver Ghost, of 1907*

as the ideal spur to Royce, the engineer. He publicised the new make in races and reliability trials. He introduced it to rich and discerning patrons. He made available his premises, the showrooms in Conduit Street, in the fashionable West End of London, and the service garage at Lille Road – it is pleasing that Rolls-Royce continue to operate from the Conduit Street premises and have but recently given up Lille Road. While Rolls drove the new car, Royce toiled away in his small Cooke Street factory in Manchester devising fresh excellence. A six-cylinder car appeared and in 1905 two specially lightened and modified 20 hp cars were prepared at Rolls' behest for the IoM Tourist Trophy Race.

This first entry into racing was not altogether auspicious. Rolls retired on the very first lap of this long fuel-consumption race with a broken gear in the gearbox. Fortunately, Percy Nothey finished second to a Scottish Arrol-Johnston in the other Rolls-Royce, at an average speed of 33·7 mph, having lost by 0·2 mph. Second place in this important TT race, an event which flourished exceedingly from 1928 onwards, was sufficient to increase Rolls-Royce sales, in conjunction with hill-climbing and other publicity work accomplished by the young Sir of the partnership.

Then, in the year 1906, the make reached out to achievements from which it has never looked back. It was in this year that the company was made a public one, that the great 40/50 hp Silver Ghost six-cylinder Rolls-Royce was born, and in which the Hon C. S. Rolls won the TT at a speed of 39·3 mph, beating Bablot's Berliet and Sir Algernon Guinness' Darracq.

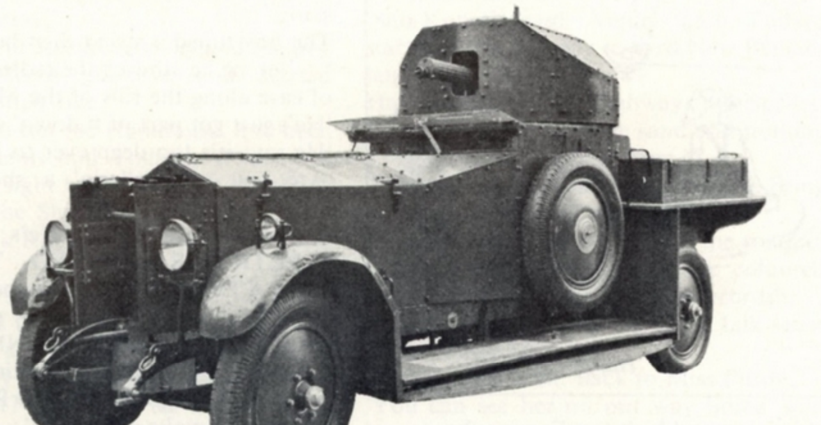
Claude Johnson now comes into the picture, as the man who organised much of the move from Manchester to the new factory, opened in 1908, at Derby and launched the silent Silver Ghost on a career that was to last without setback until 1925. The uncanny quietness of this great 7-litre cantilever sprung motor-car was widely remarked upon when it made its illustrious debut, and the best that the Parisian motor Press could do to snub it was to remark that in untidyness its huge engine, with its cylinders in paired blocks, resembled a Christmas tree – with a picture of it captioned 'under the brushwood', or unkind words to that effect. But an RAC-observed trial extending over 15,000 miles and embracing the Scottish Reliability Trial *en route,* put the new 40/50 on the motoring map, for in this distance the silver-hued Rolls-Royce had run engine-non-stop for 14,371 miles and when stripped down and examined officially, cost just £2 2s 7d to restore to absolutely new condition.

From 1907 onwards the Silver Ghost was accepted as the Best Car in the World. It out-ran Sheffield-Simplex and Napier in top-gear and speed-allied-to-economy tests. It had a most illustrious war-record, even when weighed down, all but obliterated, by armour.

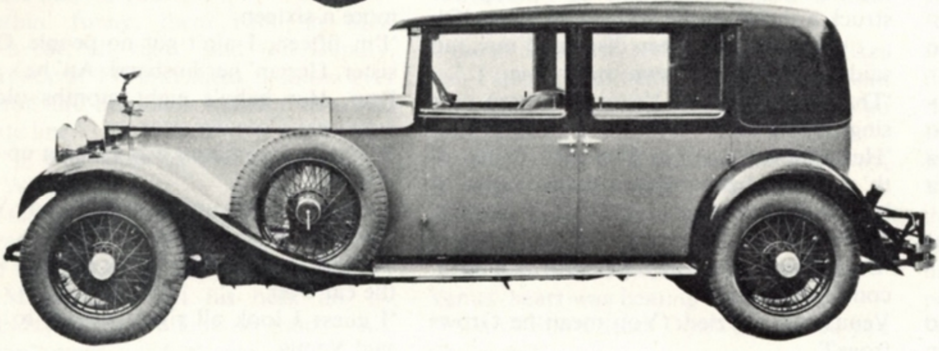
After the Armistice, from the new peace of 1918 into the 'twenties, it was the Rolls-Royce 40/50 Silver Ghost more than any other car which sold to clients wanting, and able to afford, the very best – although it was less expensive than some of its intended rivals. It was possible to dig slyly at this perfection. The Hispano-Suiza came along in 37·2 hp overhead-camshaft form, its greater performance subdued by mechanical-servo four-wheel-brakes. It was not until 1924 that Rolls-Royce could offer such braking, could put up, if its owners were so vulgar, a 4WB warning triangle on a back mudguard, and then only by paying royalties to Hispano-Suiza and Renault for the gearbox-driven servo idea. Hispano, indeed, once published advertisements with just their name and address on the page, to contrast with those of R-R, who used their name, address *and* the slogan 'The Best Car in the World.' But all to no avail – the Hispano-Suiza had but a three-speed gearbox and was rougher running than the now long-proven 7½-litre Silver Ghost. Against a post-war rash of new 'aero-engined' cars with overhead camshafts, front brakes and other innovations, such as Napier, Ensign, Leyland Eight and Lanchester Forty, the Silver Ghost cocked a snook, side valves and back brakes notwithstanding.

American demand was met with a factory at Springfield but to carry Royce's exacting construction and testing across the Atlantic was difficult, and many thought it a mistake. At Derby every piece of metal used to make the cars had its test blob attached, which was laboratory checked for specification, heat-treatment and so on. Every chassis was given a remarkable bump-test with its wheels riding over great cams in the test-bed to which it had been chained. At this time Royce used multiple bolts for all major joints, rolled eyes for his spring ends, forgings throughout instead of malleable iron and steel castings, some 400 of them, nickel-steel bolts driven into taper holes instead of rivets to unite the chassis frame, hand-stoned and lapped timing gears, and serrated joints where mechanical parts had to be united. Every part was exhaustively tested, on somewhat archaic machines of Royce's own devising.

It all added up to near-perfection and *very* unobtrusive functioning. Rolls-Royce made errors, but when they did were quick to follow red faces with design mods., as when James Radley had to dismount his passengers before his London-Edinburgh Rolls-Royce would climb the Katschberg pass during the 1912 Austrian Alpine Trials, because Derby had not allowed for the combined effect of altitude reducing engine power and the lowness of the bottom gear in



*The bizarre Silver Ghost armoured car*



*1931: Park Ward coachwork Phantom II*

the car's three-speed gearbox. Immediately, however, elaborate tests were put in hand on these very passes, with the result that the Rolls-Royce team completely dominated the 1913 Austrian Alpine Trials.

Henry Royce was rightly knighted, although for his Schneider Trophy engines more than for his cars. In time the Silver-Ghost was seen to be out-dated, and it gave way in 1925 to the New Phantom, with push-rod overhead valves, and this led to the magnificent Phantom II, which in 'Continental' form was a Grand Tourer if ever there was one. If another war had not broken out over Europe, calling for the R-R Merlin engine to ensure our freedom, the V12-cylinder Phantom III Rolls-Royce car with its independent front suspension would probably have had a finer reputation.

Away back in 1923 Royce had pandered to the less-affluent market with his Twenty, a scaled down big Rolls, rather as Sir Herbert Austin's Austin Twelve and Austin Seven were miniatures of *his* Twenty. At the time, as the news leaked out (via *The Motor,* whose reporter, coming unexpectedly on the prototype, is said to have charged into a near-by chemist's shop and bought a Brownie camera and a roll of film, thus scooping the story with the first picture of the much-discussed new 'Small' Rolls), Royce was rather unpopular. The small Rolls-Royce, you see, had overhead valves (bound to be rattly) and a *three*-speed gearbox with central gear lever, just as if it were a common Trans-Atlantic Buick. This cool reception was heeded in Derby, because it wasn't long before a *four*-speed gearbox with *right-hand* gear lever was provided for the poor relation of the eminent Silver Ghost.

Rolls-Royce prestige increased with the outcome of the war, the Battle of Britain turning our fortunes as R-R-powered Spitfires shot Daimler-Benz-engined fighters from the summer skies. Afterwards, there were splendid follow-on models to the Ghosts and Phantoms. The 4¼-litre six-cylinder Silver Wraith followed the 'grown-up' Twenties, the 20/25, 25/30, and Wraith of pre-war days. It was with us from 1947 to 1959, and 1,783 were produced in the Crewe factory. Current with it was the Silver Dawn, and for Crowned Heads there was the 5·7 litre straight-eight Phantom IV, the type-names continuing to convey the Primary Rolls-Royce aim – mechanical quietness.

The Rolls-Royce continued to have its critics – many of them impishly enjoying tilting at the World's Best Car. I know a racing motorist who had several of the just-pre-war models but who changed them because he said that however early he set out on a journey, he always arrived late. Valid, because the Rolls-Royce was never intended as a racer. They got more than 101 mph out of a streamlined Ghost on Brooklands in 1911 but this was an experiment; Derby looked sideways at two gentlemen who raced stripped Ghosts at the Track after the Armistice and nearly went berserk when Amherst Villers tacked an Austin 7 engine onto the side of a Phantom chassis and made it drive a supercharger for the noble R-R engine. Then W. A. Robotham, who was apprenticed to Rolls-Royce and stayed with them for 44 years, said in his recent entertaining book 'Silver Ghosts and Silver Dawn' (*Constable, 1970*) that with all the testing R-R did he was surprised the cars were not worn out before they reached the customer!

Undaunted, the Silver Clouds came – six-cylinder cars in the first two series, then the V8 Cloud 3. These you could criticise for having American-type automatic transmission, cart-spring rear suspension, and no truck with fuel injection, overhead camshafts, i.r.s., or other modern developments. You could and I did. The then-chief engineer met criticism very ably, while not being allowed to divulge that, at the time I interviewed him, he was working on the all-independently-sprung, self-levelling, power-braked Silver Shadow, which is as up-to-date as almost any car built anywhere, yet which retains the velvet-smooth Rolls-Royce functioning which no other Company has ever managed to emulate. H.M. the Queen rides in a Rolls these days, which isn't surprising when Daimlers are badge-engineered Jaguars. And last year Rolls-Royce had a record year, selling 2,270 Silver Shadows worth more than £16½-million, of which nearly half were exports. The H. J. Mulliner/Park Ward-bodied Corniche is the only valid example left of real coachwork on a fine chassis. Salute, then, a product which remains unique in a changing World and is the best bit of British propaganda we have – perhaps the only one left. Even the myths die slowly – that the Flying Lady mascot is made of real silver, that the black lettering on the R-R badge was changed from red as a memorial to the late Sir Henry Royce, that you cannot sell your Rolls without telling the makers, etc., although it is true that at times the company has been autocratic over unapproved mods. and it is true that a Bentley is now just a Rolls-Royce with a different, less-expensive radiator shell.

Rolls-Royce have had to change with the times and no longer make their own carburettors and dynamos, etc. They copy others, improving all the while, when that seems the best policy, hence the Citroën power brakes and GM transmission in a Silver Shadow. Whatever Joe Soap in his rubber-burning traffic-light drag thinks, to the world's customers for the highest-priced motor-cars, the Rolls-Royce is supreme. Which is why they are willing to pay up to £12,839 for one, the price of a 6.7-litre Corniche.

# HAMS

*continued from page 76*

'I had to, Tollard. She'd a'tole! You'd a'hung! Besides, now we can take Her car. I done it for her car, Tollard, her car. It'll run. This a'way, we can get inta town quick an' have us a Sno-Kone.'

Venus took Tollard by the arm and firmly led him to Miss Pretty's car. Tollard was groaning and striking his face with his fists.

Once at the wheel, he became his Old sweet self and Laughed.

Venus transferred the parcel, the shovel and five watermelons to Miss Pretty's car and off they went.

The car was easy to drive for it had automatic transmission and Tollard had no trouble keeping the engine running.

They were making Good time, on the way to the side road that would take them to New Beulahland when Venus got the idea they were nearly out of gas. She had Seen a gauge.

'We're runnin' low, Tollard. Pull in that station up yonder.'

'Station' said Tollard, now in high spirits.

He stopped at Albert's Quality Eats and Gas – Two Doors East of the Snaketorium – Bonded Fruit Shipper – Sea Food.

When the attendant arrived at the car window Venus said 'Five gals.'

He was behind the car a long time, then he asked:

'Whereabouts your tank at?'

'Back there' said Venus.

Tollard jumped out. 'I know whereabouts.'

The attendant found the opening to the gas tank.

'You're full Up' he said. 'It won't hold a co-cola bottle full.'

'I guess I musta seen th' wrong Needle' said Venus and she gave the man a watermelon for his trouble.

Away they went, Venus and Tollard, toward New Beulahland.

It was smooth Going for a while then Tollard got to thinking.

'Miss Purdy dead. Dead!' He started to cry.

'She's just asleep, Tollard. Looky yonder at them two sweet hitchhikers. Stop an' let's give 'em a ride. The Lord said to Love Thy Neighbor.'

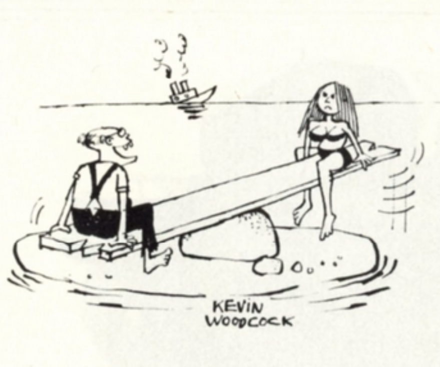
Tollard stopped a little past the hitchhikers, a young boy and a young girl, who had nothing between them but a twelve string guitar.

'Get in folks!' said Venus. 'Where you headed?'

'New York City' said the girl.

She was younger than the boy, small, almost tiny, a pixie, with stringy bleached hair and big, white Perfect teeth. She wore a cotton T-shirt, blue jeans, sandals made of green and white plastic strips and had two or three Cheap rings on every finger.

The boy was, maybe, nineteen, thin and intense, with a Sensitive face. He had a bold chin covered with auburn whiskers and hair that came down to his shoulders. He was wearing a blue cotton workshirt, blue jeans and high top Farmer shoes.



*'Happy?'*

As soon as he was settled in the backseat, the boy felt Safe and started to sing. He struck a chord on the guitar and Went: 'Oh . . . she kissed me, then dismissed me, and said . . . Find your own way home . . .'

'That's pretty,' said Venus. 'Do you ever sing in church?'

'He's a Folk Singer' said the girl. 'Come all th' way here from Prince a'Peace, Texas, to learn swamp songs.'

Venus did not Know about Folk Singers.

'Back home, his daddy Keeps a frog farm' continued the girl.

Venus was puzzled. 'You mean he Grows frogs?'

'For their Laigs' explained the girl. 'We aint eat since noon, yesterday.'

'Aw, honey!' said Venus. 'Soon's we see a hamburger place, we'll stop. Bust you one a'them watermelons, if you want.'

The boy took out a pocket knife with a long blade and cut a Plug. He handed it to the girl.

She tasted it. 'This here is th' Sweetest millon! An' th' Pinkest flash!'

'We raised 'em' said Venus. 'Eat up, honey. If I was t'go Long without eatin', I reckon I'd fall out. Except, today, I ain't hungry. But that's where I wish I was right now. In th' kitchen. I'd love t'just be stuffin' a pork shoulder an' butterin' some carrots.'

'I can whip a hem' said the girl. 'What kind of a car is this?'

'It's a SPAATZ–IMBATTA' spelled Venus from a plate on the dashboard.

'How come you hafta Spell it?' asked the girl. 'How come you don't Know?'

'It's lent to us' said Venus.

'They come from across th' water, don't they?'

'You hear that, Tollard?' asked Venus. 'She said this car come from across th' water.'

'Across th' water' agreed Tollard, as he shook the steering wheel back and forth and put on more speed.

'Why's he wear that slicker?' asked the girl. 'Ain't he hot?'

'Honey, he's Mental' said Venus. 'He draws Disability.'

Venus made a circle around her temple with her forefinger.

The boy and girl looked at each other.

'You know no more songs?' asked Venus.

'. . . will you be my Queen of the Nile and SMILE when you think of me . . .'

'That ain't your new one' said the girl. 'Sing that awful pretty one you wrote about sleepin' in th' swamp an' hearin' th' birdies saing.'

The boy tuned a string then began:

'. . . let me lie athwart the redles and dream of ease along the rills of the Mud Pern.'

'He's just got part of it down' said the girl. 'He says it's too deep ever to be a Hit.'

'Are you two follerin' a show?' asked Venus.

'He is' said the girl. 'He's with THE ELECTRIC RATCROWD. You musta heard a'Them! He's gonna meet up with 'em again in New York. They got a job at THE AUTOMATIC CANNIBAL in Greenwich Village. He's takin' me with him. He says I got a talent for Rock music. He's gonna make me a Star!'

'You ain't run off with him?' asked Venus. 'What'll your people say? You cain't be no more'n sixteen.'

'I'm fifteen. I ain't got no people. Only a sister. Her an' her husband. An' he's on th' Run. Her baby's eight months old and won't eat Crowder peas.'

Willard's Hamhouse was coming up in the distance.

'Tollard, stop up yonder' said Venus. 'These people ain't eat.'

Tollard made the stop but almost turned the car over.

'I guess I look all right enough to go in' said Venus.

They sat at a table and ordered four Palm Beach Burgers, one without onions.

'Four Palm Beach, one hold the sand' called the waitress to the Fry Cook.

'You're lucky to have a good man' said Venus to the girl. 'My ole man was Mean. He'd drink occa hall an' go Bad. Then he'd get so mean they wasn't nothin' they could do with him. Why, he usta Run with a five-eighths Seminole!'

When the sandwiches were served, the boy threw away the bun on his and ate the filling.

'He won't eat light bread' said the girl 'He said they was a man fed rats on it an' they all died inside a week. He makes his own bread. When we get settled, he's gonna make me a loaf a'goat milk bread.'

At the mention of goats, Tollard fled from the table and cowered in a corner until Venus went over, soothed him and coaxed him back.

'There's non of 'em around here, Tollard.' Venus turned to the couple. 'He's Mental. An' scared t'death a'goats!'

The girl leaned over and whispered to the boy.

He nodded agreement with what she said. The boy left half his sandwich and the girl finished it.

'He's tryin' not t'get fat' she said. 'My sister, she says it don't matter what you eat as long as you don't count th' calories.'

Venus got up to pay the check and the girl followed.

'That's a Hot car, ain't it?'

Venus nodded.

'We won't be goin' on with you. We ain't lookin' for trouble.'

Venus took thirty dollars from her pocket and put it in the girl's hand and closed up her fingers around it.

'I cain't take all that money!' said the girl. 'Take it, honey. I'm in Dutch! Where I'll wind up, I won't be needin' it. You take it, an' Make a star!'

Venus and Tollard drove away and the boy and girl waved goodbye and started hitching another ride.

Willard, who ran the Hamhouse, had been watching Venus and Tollard. When they were out of sight he went to the telephone and called the Sheriff.

Deputy Buck Rogers Hunneycutt got there in an hour.

'There was something funny about them' said Willard to the Deputy. 'They were in Miss Pretty's car. Something funny.'

'Miss Pretty's car? One a'them foreign jobs, ain't it? They ain't for me. Give me DEE-troit iron!'

'Buy American' agreed Willard. 'The job you save may be your own.'

'Somethin' funny, them bein' in Miss Pretty's car, all right' said the Deputy. 'Don't worry. I'll find them. I know ever back trail and hog track between here and the state line.'

'What if they stick to the Main roads?' asked Willard.

Venus felt better, having eaten.

She was trying to think up what to tell people when Beasley turned up missing.

'. . . Monday, he cut his neck an' by Wednesday, it wadn't doin' no good . . . no, that won't work . . . Let's see . . .'

Tollard was morose. He said nothing for miles.

They came to the turn-off that led to New Beulahland Cemetery and Took it. The road was hung over with Spanish moss for as far as they could see.

Things were Quiet and the air was heavy with skunk musk. Tollard was scared and wanted to turn back.

'Sno-Kones' said Venus and Tollard started driving slowly toward New Beulahland.

Half a mile off the highway, the Spaatz-Imbatta got stuck in the sand and nothing Tollard could do would Free it.

Then the engine died, probably from being Gunned, and would not start again.

They got out of the car. Down the road, in front of them, a beautiful pink coloured snake slithered along in the underbrush.

Tollard started crying. He could talk sense when he had to.

'I moan a'go back. Back to Miss Purdy.'

'You can see her on our way home' said Venus.

'I moan a'go back, now.'

'You cain't go nowhere, Tollard. I need you here.'

'I moan a'go back to Miss Purdy. She likes me. I moan a'go nekkid with her. I moan a'go nekkid with Miss Purdy. I moan a'go back, now'.

He started walking toward the highway, limping, favoring his short leg.

'Tollard, Miss Pretty cain't do you no good! She's dead!'

'That don't make no nevermind to me!'

Venus' heart was beating too fast.

'Tollard! She'd dead. Don't go! I need you t'he'p me!'

Tollard kept walking toward the highway.

'Tollard! Tollard!'

He turned and looked back.

'Tollard, you stay an' he'p me lay Beasley away . . . an' . . . I'll go nekkid with you'

Tollard shook his head from side to side and started walking away.

Suddenly, ball lightning rolled across the sky and it darkened.

'Tollard, look up in th' sky! It's cloudin' up! It's a'fixin' t'rain!'

Tollard looked up at the sky and screamed, a stabbing cry, then grabbed his raincoat and gathered it tight about his body and ran on down the road, stumbling, nearly falling, still screaming, until out of sight.

Venus tried to start the car but it was Dead. She gave up, and lay her head on the steering wheel and asked the Lord to Take her.

A half hour later, she awakened, remembering her Duty. New Beulahland was not far, no more than a mile ahead.

She opened the trunk of the car and took out the shovel and the parcel containing her husband's remains.

Before she could get it closed, Deputy Buck Rogers Hunneycutt pulled up behind her in a patrol car, its red and blue lights flashing.

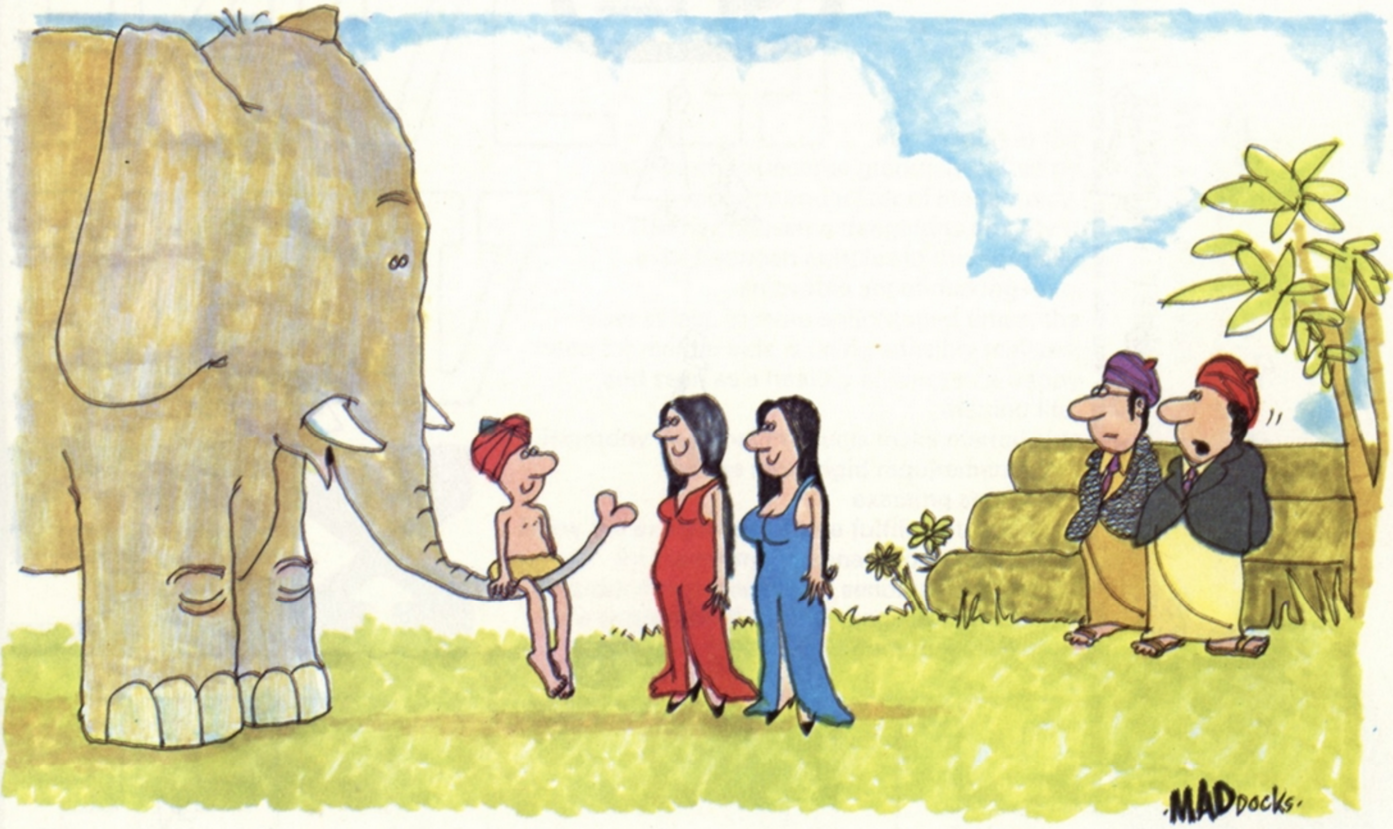
An albino wino whom the Deputy had Picked up along the way was handcuffed in in the back seat, his head bleeding.

Venus turned and saw the Deputy. She dropped her burdens and slowly raised her hands over her head and smiled, showing her bare gums. Hunneycutt got out of the patrol car and walked up to her.

'You don't need to show a gun. I done it' she said, politely. 'I done it. They ain't no such of a thaing as a perfect crime. That's what I was brought up on.

'I done it. Them's his hams in that croker sack.'

The Deputy went back to the patrol car, picked up his radio and Called in.



*'I don't know what it is they see in that elephant boy!'*

# LETTERS

*continued from page 6*

continued to chat about the weather and other things. When I finally managed to drag my eyes upwards from her breast to her face I found that her eyes were focused downwards towards the swelling in my trousers. She then looked up, coloured brightly and promptly went indoors. I thought this would be the end of the matter but about a week later she opened her door one very rainy morning and asked me if I'd like to shelter and have a warm cup of coffee. I went rather shyly into the house and followed her into the kitchen, took off my coat and sat down while she started to make the coffee. Today her dressing gown was firmly closed but as she reached up to the shelves I saw quite a lot of leg and began to get excited. Then I noticed that a magazine was open on the table and that naked women were featured in the photographs. I thought this seemed rather strange and then she asked me if I liked the pictures. I managed to mumble that one in particular looked very nice. She asked me if I liked big breasts and I said I did. She laughed and said she thought I'd probably never seen a real breast before. I countered by saying that I'd seen hers that first morning. I thought at that that she would throw me out but instead she asked me if I'd like to see it again. I nodded and she told me to follow her upstairs. Once there she stood in front of me and opened her dressing gown. She had nothing on underneath. Then she moved slowly towards me until her breasts brushed against my face. She went on expertly to teach me how to make love. I left her two hours later and didn't deliver the rest of my papers, pretending I'd become ill. However, the woman never came to her door again despite my knocking on numerous occasions.

*T.J., Burnham, Slough, Bucks. (full name and address withheld)*

I am always fascinated by other people's dreams. Why not get your readers – chaps and their girl-friends, wives etc., – to write in about theirs? I'll start the ball rolling by telling you one of mine. I'm walking along the bank of a river in the countryside – I'm never sure why – when I see some chaps having a midnight bathe. I watch them casually for a while until I suddenly realise that they are nude. I watch them with interest now, hoping to get a glimpse. Eventually unaware of me they come out of the water showing their full masculine charms. The dream varies sometimes but I always only take a watching part.

Perhaps someone could interpret the dream – although I hate to think what it means!

*Pamela Streetley, Crowborough.*

Our term of instruction at a Naval Training Establishment was nearing its end and it was decided that a little culture would not come amiss. A middle-aged female from outside was enlisted for this purpose and we had a few sessions of Shakespeare – including lyrics.

One went: 'Who is Sylvia, what is she?
that all her swains commend her'.

Someone asked her what 'swain' meant.

We were told it meant lover – so someone piped up: 'So in a way you could say that a Boatswain loves boats, I suppose?' There was a pause and then she agreed this was so. 'And a Coxswain?' someone asked quietly!

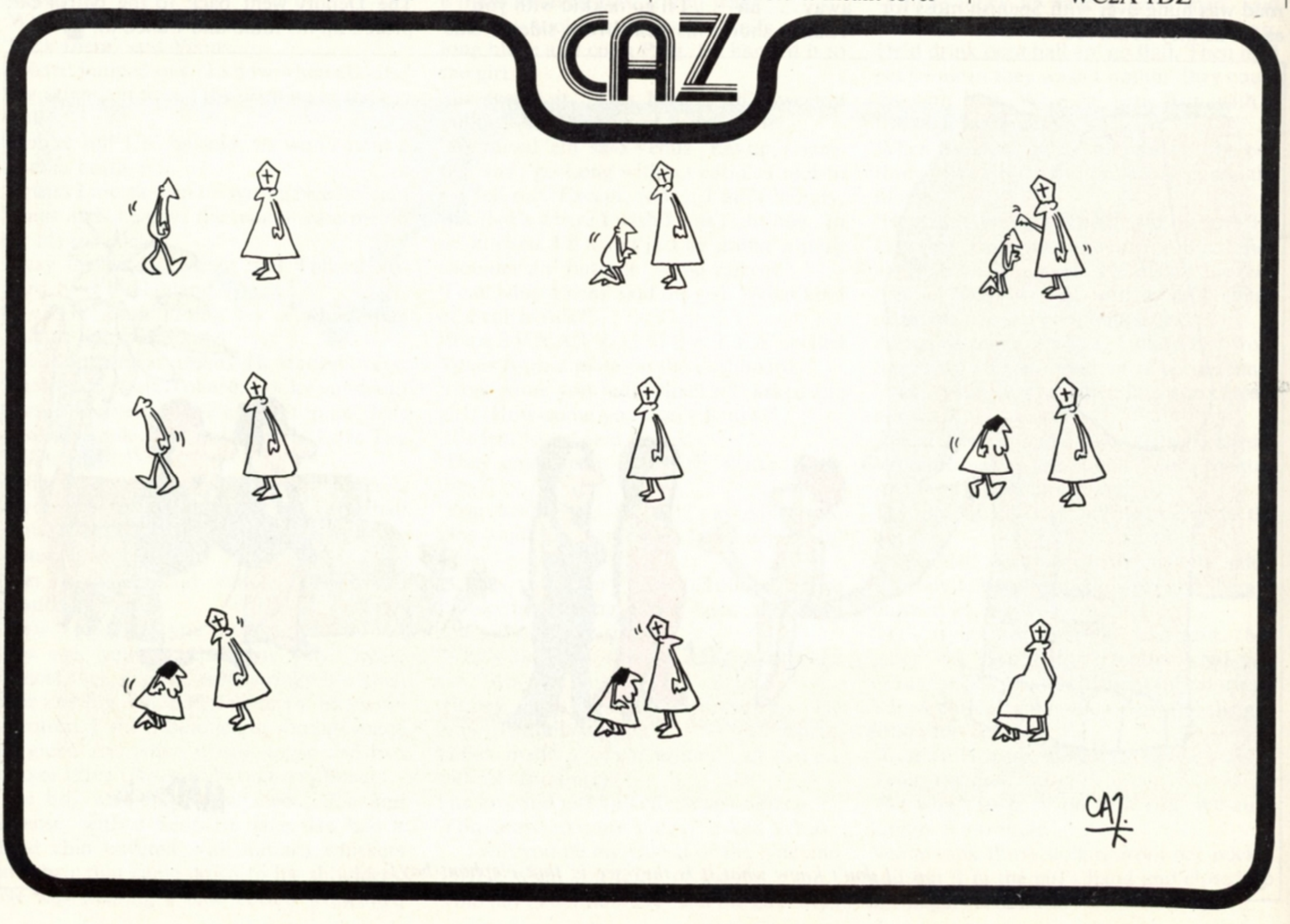
It was worth it, but later we all got a week's jankers!

*H. A. Hann, Hythe, Kent*

I wonder whether many other readers find women cigar-smokers as exciting as I do? Not those who mess about with little cheroots or cigarillos, but the occasional bold beauties seen enjoying a fat cigar in restaurants or night-spots. Besides the delicious phallic symbolism of full red lips sucking appreciatively, there are other considerations; a woman who smokes cigars is likely to be a sensualist, an extrovert and well-off; what more can a man ask? How about a Mayfair competition to find Britain's sexiest cigar-smoker?

*A.B., Queens Gate Terrace, London SW7 (full name withheld)*

Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ



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